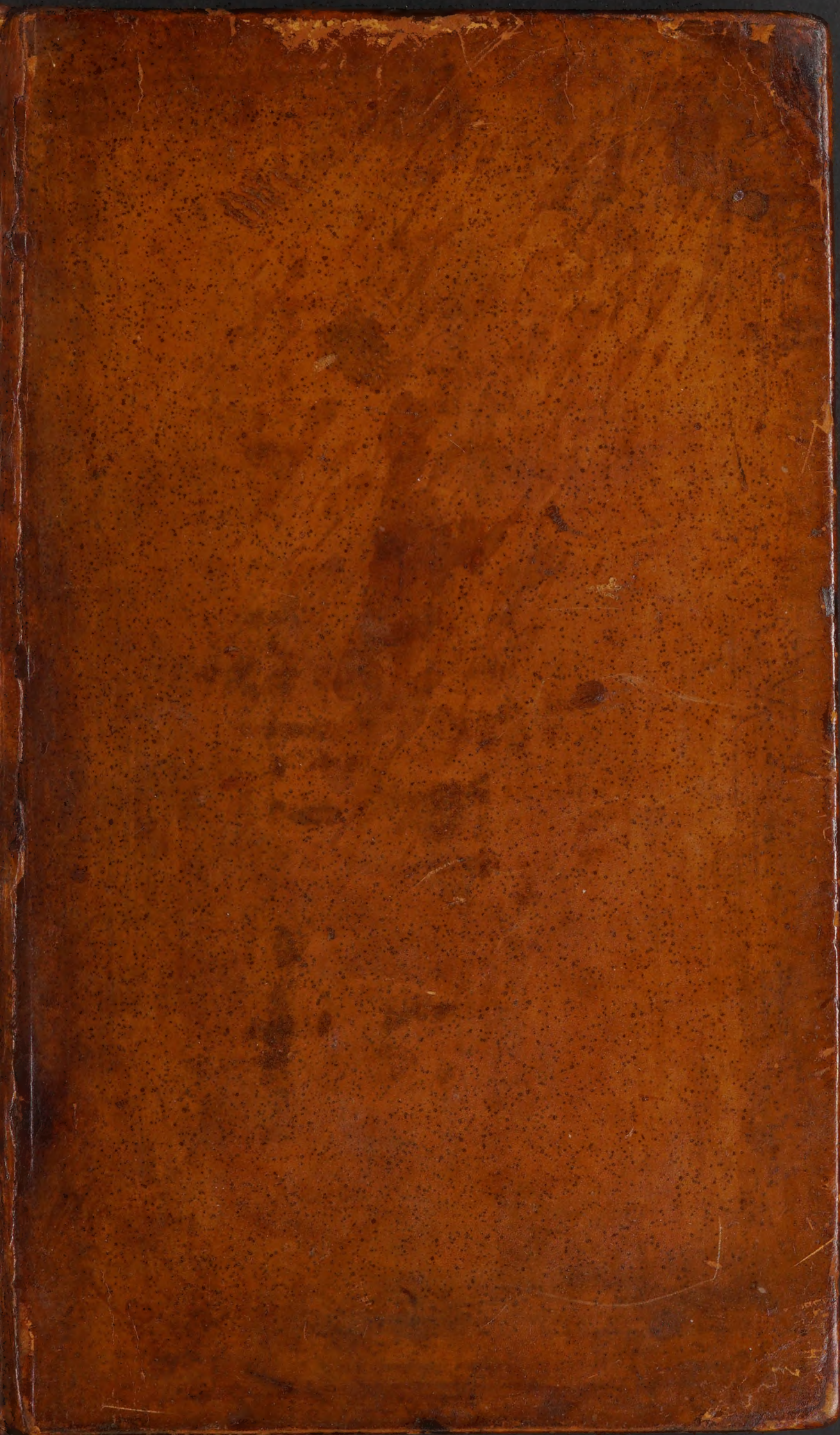




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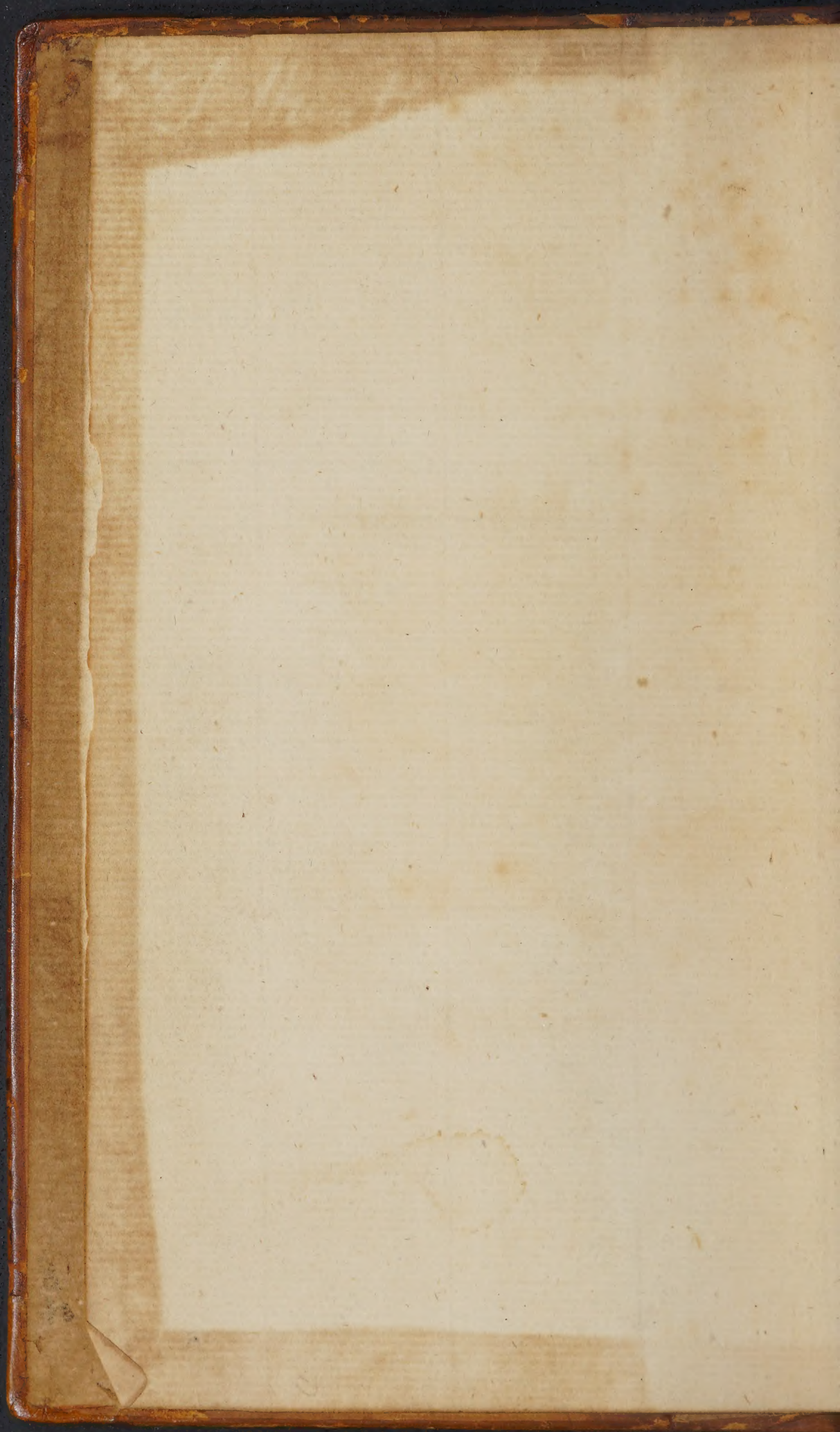
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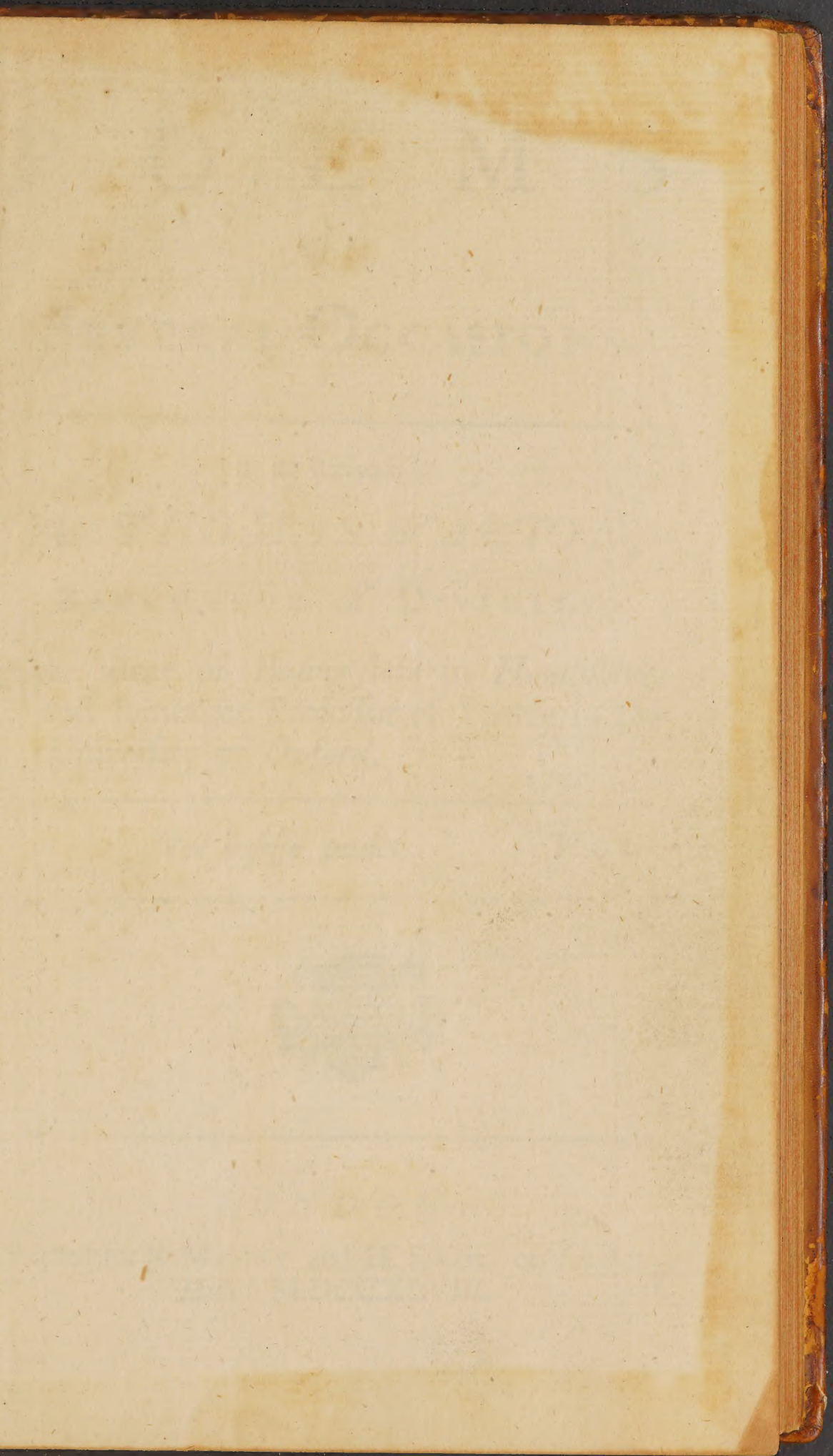
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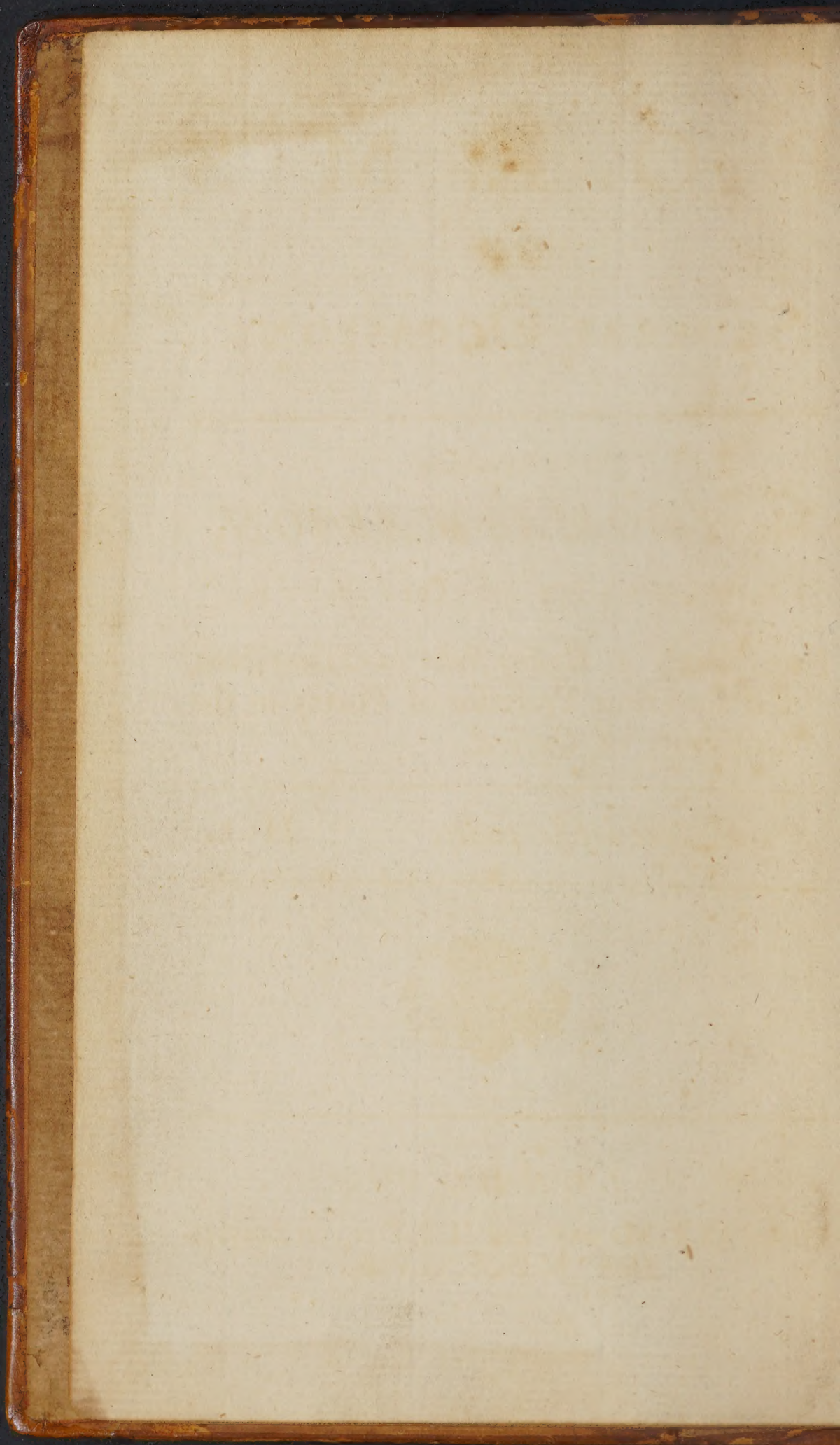
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P O E M S

O N

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By the REVEREND

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BATCHELOR of DIVINITY,

Late Vicar of *Basingstoke* in *Hampshire*,
and sometime Professor of Poetry in the
University of *Oxford*.

Nec iussisse pudet.

H O R.



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TO THE

RIGHT HONOURABLE

FULWAR CRAVEN,

*Lord CRAVEN, Baron of HAMP-
STEAD MARSHALL.*

My LORD,

I BEG Leave to put the following POEMS
under the Protection of your Lordship;
as the Person for whom the deceased Author
had the justest Veneration and Respect;
and to whom He himself would have chosen
to inscribe his Writings as a Memorial of
the Friendship with which your Lordship
condescended to honour Him. He often
reflected with Pleasure on the unshaken In-

A 2

tegrity

tegrity and unbias'd Patriotism of your Lordship; who with a matchless Singularity has maintain'd the glorious Independance of a Truly *British* Nobleman, in an Age of universal Venality and Corruption. Nor was He less charm'd with the strict Justice, and Oeconomy, that Constancy in Friendship, and that Affability and Benevolence which adorn your Lordship's private Life.

That you may long continue an Ornament and Support to your Country which wants your Example, is the most sincere Wish of,

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P O E M S

ON

SEVERAL OCCASIONS.

*An EPISTLE to, Dr. YOUNG,
upon his Poem on the Last Day.*

NOW let the *Atheist* tremble; Thou alone
Canst bid his conscious Heart the *Godhead* own.

Whom shalt Thou not reform? O thou hast seen,

How God descends to judge the Souls of Men.

Thou heard'st the Sentence how the Guilty mourn,

Driv'n out from God, and never must return!

B

Yet

Yet more, behold ten thousand Thunders fall,
 And sudden Vengeance wrap the flaming Ball:
 When Nature sunk, when ev'ry Bolt was hurl'd,
 Thou saw'st the boundless Ruins of the World.

When guilty *Sodom* felt the burning Rain,
 And Sulphur fell on the devoted Plain;
 The *Patriarch* thus the fiery Tempest past,
 With pious Horror view'd the desert Waste;
 The restless Smoke still wav'd its Curls around,
 For ever rising from the glowing Ground.

But tell me, Oh! what heav'nly Pleasure tell,
 To think so greatly, and describe so well!

How

How wast thou pleas'd the wond'rous Theme to try,
 And find the Thought of Man could rise so high?
 Beyond this World the Labour to pursue,
 And open all Eternity to View?

But thou art best delighted to rehearse
 Heav'n's holy Dictates in exalted Verse:
 O thou hast Pow'r the harden'd Heart to warm,
 To grieve, to raise, to terrify, to charm;
 To fix the Soul on GOD; to teach the Mind
 To know the Dignity of Human-kind;
 By stricter Rules well-govern'd Life to scan,
 And practise o'er the Angel in the Man.

*An EPISTLE to Dr. GUIBBONS,
a celebrated Physician.*

TO trace all-wondrous Nature's latent Ways,
To meet her Author in each various Maze,
To ease, to chear, to strengthen, to restore,
For this God granted first the Healing Pow'r;
Important Trust! to Thee securely giv'n,
Preserving Man as Delegate of Heav'n.

There are — but all their Actions how unblest!
Who deaf to Truth on Second Causes rest;
And boldly careless of their Maker's Will,
Attempt, impoverish, boast, insure, and kill;
Not so hast Thou deny'd Almighty Power,
But verst in Knowledge own'st a God the more;

Hence is thy Patient fearless of the Grave,
For Learning and Devotion join to save:

O *Guibbons*! from whose Presence Death retreats,
And on whose Dictates Health obsequious waits,
How art thou pleas'd, thro' every crowded Street,
The living Proofs of pious Care to meet;
Old Age forgetting its Decays to view,
And Youth improv'd in all its Bloom by You.

Thy Skill would make us on this World be fixt,
But that thy Life reminds us of the next:
Happy, yet loose to all Engagements here;
Resign'd to God, religiously severe!
Industrious ev'n the meanest to regard,
Like Guardian Angels kind without Reward.

Garth vainly strove to blast thy rising Fame,
 Which greater * *Dryden* consecrates to Fame ;
 Regardless Thou of either Muse's Lays,
 Nor stung with Scorn, nor studious Thou of Praise.

Yet deign to hear the Wishes that I bring,
 Unus'd to flatter, and unskill'd to sing,
 O live! thou public Blessing to Mankind,
 In Thee may *Galen's* Art and Age be join'd ;
 Late may thy Bust some hallow'd Dome adorn,
 And thine own *Oxford* late her Patron mourn.

'Tis just that He who bids us stay below,
 Should be Himself detain'd amidst Us too.

* In his Translation of *Persius*, and other Parts of his Works.

MAMMON'S PLEA: A TALE.

— *Melius furto cunctatur & hærens
Usque alium ex alio spectando prævidet ictum
Sæpe illum ex longo—*

Vidæ Hieronymi Scacchia Ludus.

MANY seeming weak Acts by Contrivance
are done,

Thus at first the Field's left that the Day may be won.

Old *Turenne*, to disorder the Foe would turn Tail,

Make a Feint, suffer Loss, face about, and prevail.

So *Hermes* at Chess (says a * Prelate of Fame)

Thought the losing a Man would be getting a Game.

But to come to the Point. Old Parables tell

A remarkable Instance that happen'd in Hell:

* *Vida.*

B 4

Grim

Grim *Satan* one Night us'd his Spirits like Slaves,
On Pretence that in *England* they serv'd him by
Halves :

“ Where's *Mammon*? I order you out from the Rest,

“ Go, tempt and secure old Sir *John* of the West :

“ You have known better Things than beguiling in

“ vain,

“ So without Him ne'er think of returning again.”

Well, away went the Fiend, and nine Days he was
gone,

Then came back to his Master ; — but not with Sir
John :

Satan, mad as he was but to think himself sham'd,
Roar'd, redden'd, spoke broken, shook, sweated, and
damn'd.

Poor

Poor *Mammon* stood up to be heard in his Place,
 And thus in plain Terms represented the Case:
 “ Let it never be said that you’ll hear but one Side,
 “ Crimes suspected are Crimes till the Criminal’s
 “ try’d;
 “ I have stay’d, and have let your Knight go; but
 “ the Fact is,
 “ A Parson secur’d both his Faith and his Practice:
 “ Yet the Int’rest of all our good Friends here below
 “ Is as well carry’d on, as the Sequel may show.
 “ When Sir *John* would not yield, his Attention to
 “ draw,
 “ I appear’d like an honest Attorney at Law;
 “ Then I multiply’d Visits the more he grew ill,
 “ Till, *In Nomine Domini* I made his Will.

It

“ It was now the right Time my whole Scheme

“ to perform,

“ So thus I addrest my Testator in Form :

“ Forasmuch as your Lands are in Charity giv’n,

“ To remain so while you are rewarded in Heav’n,

“ Be this your chief Care, that the Poor be ne’er

“ cheated,

“ Lord! by how many Ways good Designs are de-

“ feated!

“ ’Tis a Comfort to me in this reprobate Age,

“ To see Piety thus your Affection engage!

“ Now Sir *John* I act always you know undisguis’d,

“ Only beg you in Matters of Law be advis’d,

“ The

“ The Conveyance is All—Gifts are lost by Degrees,
 “ Where the Donors devise their Estates to Fe'ffees;
 “ Single Men may forget their own Deaths to supply,
 “ But a legal Town-Corporate never can die;
 “ Corporations are Guardians, Trustees, and Directors,
 “ Of Funds, and of Schools, and Alms-houses, and

“ Lectures :

“ Now whereas you have specify'd these in your Will,
 “ Are not large Bodies best, large Designs to fulfil?
 “ Should not Men of Authority manage your Lands?
 “ 'Tis a Credit to leave one's Affairs in such Hands;
 “ Let your Gifts be on Magistrates settled in Trust,
 “ Those that punish Injustice can ne'er be unjust:
 “ Their own Shops will be all Magazines for your

“ Poor,

“ Trade and Charity Both may be further'd the more.

“ Chuse

“ Chuse a Town then whose Justices yearly are
 “ sworn;

“ What d’ye think of the Place where your Honour
 “ was born?

“ He approv’d, sign’d, and dy’d”——Here the Mo-
 narch of Hell

Grinn’d a ghastly, broad Smile, and swore——“ ’Tis
 “ all well——

“ For instead of one Knight, to our Share now will
 “ fall,

“ May’r, Aldermen, Burgeffes, Town-clerk, and All.”

RETIREMENT:

An ODE.

I.

ON Beds of Daifies idly laid,
The Willow waving o'er my Head,

Now Morning on the bending Stem,
Hangs the round, and glittering Gem,
Lull'd by the Lapſe of yonder Spring,
Of Nature's various Charms I ſing :
Ambition, Pride, and Pomp adieu !
For what has *Joy* to do with You ?

II.

Joy, roſe-lipt Dryad loves to dwell
In funny Field, or moſſy Cell,

Delights

Delights on echoing Hills to hear
 The Reaper's Song, or lowing Steer ;
 Or view with tenfold Plenty spread
 The crowded Corn-field, blooming Mead ;
 While Beauty, Health, and Innocence,
 Transport the Eye, the Soul, the Sense.

III.

Not fresco'd Roofs, not Beds of State,
 Not Guards that round a Monarch wait,
 Not Crowds of Flatterers can scare
 From loftiest Courts intruding Care :
 Midst Odours, Splendors, Banquets, Wine,
 While Minstrels sound, while Tapers shine,
 In Sable stole sad *Care* will come,
 And darken the gay Drawing-room.

IV.

IV.

Nymphs of the Groves, in green array'd,
 Conduct me to your thickest Shade,
 Deep in the Bosom of the Vale,
 Where haunts the lonesome Nightingale ;
 Where *Contemplation*, Maid divine,
 Leans against some aged Pine,
 Wrapt in stedfast Thought profound,
 Her Eyes fixt stedfast on the Ground.

V.

O Virtue's Nurse! retired Queen,
 By Saints alone and Hermits seen,
 Beyond vain Mortals' Wishes wise,
 Teach me *St. James's* to despise ;
 For what are crowded Courts, but Schools
 For Fops, or Hospitals for Fools?

Where Slaves and Madmen, Young and Old,
Meet to adore some Calf of Gold.

OF THE
UNIVERSAL LOVE *of* PLEASURE.
To a FRIEND.

ALL human Race, from *China* to *Peru*,
Pleasure, howe'er disguis'd by Art, pursue ;
In various Habits this fair Idol dress,
Yet still adore her, still her Power confess ;
She leads pale Hermits to the mossy Cell,
And to the Box the Fop-encircled Bellè ;
The Shape of Business, nay of Virtue takes,
Presides alike o'er Aldermen and Rakes ;
Admirers boasts in every various Rank,
Sends some to Bagnios, others to the Bank ;

Now

Now dwells in lofty Domes and trophy'd Halls,
 Now near dark Woods and penſive Water-falls;
 One, as ſhe prompts loves Hounds and foamy Steeds,
 And lonely One, by midnight Taper reads:
 Who build or plan, or drefs with Finery ſmit,
 Or rhyme and ſtarve, ſelf-ſacrific'd to Wit;
 Who heap or ſcatter Gold, the Grave, the Gay,
 Bend to this Monarch's univerſal Sway.

'Twas hence rough * *Charles* ruſh'd forth to ruthleſs
 War,

Hence rov'd to foreign Climes the Patriot-Czar;
 Nor found more Blifs to civilize Mankind,
 Than *Cynthia* in her new-bought *Chintz* can find.
 What home-felt Joys in *Curio's* Boſom riſe,
 Glow in his Cheeks, and ſparkle in his Eyes?

* Of *Sweden*.

Is his Wife dead? Or have his Tenants found
 Large Heaps of bury'd Treasure in his Ground?
 Alas! you guess in vain; from *India* brought,
 The Sage a curious Cockle-shell has bought.

'Tis said, the peevish *Lesbia* lately smil'd:
 What had her Sullenness of Soul beguil'd?
 Some thought Success at Hazard charm'd her Mind,
 Or that her favourite Footman had been kind;
 Or that her Dog or Parrot had been prais'd—
 A new-invented Wash these Raptures rais'd.

To different Objects different Souls incline,
 One clips his Hedges; one seeks Whist and Wine;
Rurelia feeds her Hens, and daily churns;
 Her Sister such unpolish'd Creatures scorns:

Her

Her Mind is fill'd with Coaches, Cards, and Plate,
 Romance, Routes, Operas, Vapours, Chocolate.

When bold *Columbus* took his vent'rous Way,
 On the rough Billows of an unknown Sea,
 First found the curling Smoke from Hills arise,
 And Rocks return the Sailors joyful Cries ;
 Felt not the Chief such Raptures thrill his Soul,
 As *Flavia*, when she wins a doubtful *Vole*.

You, *Decius*, too, from common Frailties free,
 A favourite Pleasure feel midst your Philosophy :
 For You, beyond the vulgar Joys of Sense,
 Enjoy unlimited Benevolence!

To a certain Voluminous Scribler.

FOR BEAR the Public to abuse,
 With Treatise after Treatise;
 Remember how poor *Blackmore's* Muse
 Dy'd of a Diabetes.



AN
I N V O C A T I O N
TO A
W A T E R - N Y M P H .

FAIR pearl-crown'd Nymph, whose gushing
Torrent laves

This marble Rock with hollow-tinkling Waves;

Who wont'ft in secret Solitude to dwell,

On coral Beds beneath thy Sapphire Cell;

Whose Virgin-Pow'r can break the magic Charm,

Whose Look the black Enchanter's Hand disarm;

Whom Swains in neighb'ring Vales to fing delight,

Kind Guardian of their Flocks from blasting Sprite;

Permit me, Goddess, from thy silver Lake,

With cooling Draught my glowing Thirst to slake!

So, when thou bath'ſt, may no rude Satyr's Eye,
 From ſome deep Brake thy naked Beauties ſpy :
 May no chill Blaſt the ivied Oak invade,
 That o'er thy Cavern waves his ſolemn Shade.



A N

ELEGY *on an* INFANT.

C O M E, Shepherds, on this Grave your Flou-
rets spread,

Hantonia's Hope the little *Alcon's* dead :

I saw stern Death his cruel Mandate bring,

And heard the Raven clap his fatal Wing;

Thrice at dead Midnight shriek'd the Owl aloud,

While dim then wav'd a visionary Shroud.

Hence in deep Grotts, and twilight Shades along

The weeping Wood-nymphs sigh a forrowing Song :

The sad Napæans tear their golden Locks,

Lone Eccho wand'ring on sequester'd Rocks,

By mournful Pauses speaks the pitying Tale,

“ *Alcon* is dead—lament, each Hill and Dale!”—

So *Myra*'s melancholy Mountains mourn'd,
 And *Hylas* lost the Meads and Woods return'd :
 Slow crept *Ascanius* with a plaintive Tone,
 In Confort murm'ring to *Alcides*' Moan.

Bring then meek Daifies, and the Primrose pale,
 The snow-clad Lilly of the Velvet Vale,
 The purple Violet's Bell empearl'd with Dew,
 Cropt at cold Ev'ning, fit on Graves to strew :
 Be here no gaudy Pink, or Pansy gay,
 No Rose, the Pride of *Venus*, and of *May* ;
 No full Carnation, deck'd with thousand Dies,
 Like that embroider'd Bow that copes the Skies ;
 These may fair *Myra* at her Bosom wear,
 Or mix them fragrant in her flowing Hair :

No such approach this sadly-solemn Scene,
Or spotted Gold, or blended Blue with Green.

Here cast your Off'rings down, the Turf to grace,
And nine Times round his Grave full slowly pace!
Yet should these Flow'rs, like *Alcon* shortliv'd, fade,
Call the kind Red-breast from his secret Shade,
With loaded Bill green Myrtle-sprigs to bring,
And fondly hov'ring plaintive Dirges sing;

Or bid those Doves that o'er young *Horace* spread
Fresh Bays and Buds to shield his beauteous Head,
Hither with cooing Elegies repair;
This Babe's as sprightly, innocent, and fair:
And—but Fate call'd him to eternal Rest,
A favouring Muse had warm'd his little Breast.

Poor,

Poor, hapless Babe ! — yet art thou early flown,
 The World's vain Vice, unpractis'd and unknown :
 The Frauds that lurk beneath a dimpled Smile,
 The oily Speech of panegyric Guile ;
 The Atheist's Scoffs, the midnight Revels lewd,
 Mean Follies of the Beau, Coquette, and Prude ;
 The Miser's Care to heap, the Heirs to spend,
 The murder'd Brother, and the treach'rous Friend ;
 The Statesman's Crafts, the good Man's weary Toils,
 The Villain's Triumphs, the stern Tyrant's Spoils :
 Far from these Cares, where Breasts seraphic glow,
 Thou calmly view'st the noisy Scenes below.

So from some lofty Rock beholds the Swain
 The stormy Tumults of the swelling Main ;

Here,

Here, o'er the foamy Floods the wild Winds sweep,
There, sinks the found'ring Vessel in the Deep:
He, while the billowy Surge beneath him breaks,
In Safety listens to the distant Shrieks.



A
C H O R U S,

Translated from the Hecuba of Euripides.

I.

SOFT, southern Gale, whose whisp'ring Breath
Skims lightly o'er the curling Wave,
O whither, in this hapless Bark,
Wilt thou convey a weeping Slave?

II.

To *Doria's* wood-invested Land,
Or *Phthia's* Pastures shall I go,
Where Father of Field-fat'ning Floods
Apidanus shall hear my Woe?

III.

III.

Or sent to *Athens*, shall I weave

In Tissue Robes the Queen of War ;

Her polish'd Helm, and Gorgon-shield,

Her foaming Steeds, and glitt'ring Car ?

IV.

Or haply in the Piece shall stand

The *Titan's* Heav'n-defying Crew,

Whom *Jove*, his Prowess to display,

With angry livid Lightnings flew.

V.

O my lost Children, Parents, Friends !

O *Ilion* smoking on the Plains !

O my poor Self, whom foreign Hands

Shall bind in curst, disgraceful Chains !

Hereafter

Hereafter in English Metre ensueth
 A Paraphrase on the Holie Book
 entituled Leviticus Chap. XI.
 Vers. 13, &c. Fashioned after
 the Maniere of Maister Geoffery
 Chaucer in his Assemblie of
 Foules:

*Containing the Reasons of the several Pro-
 hibitions.*

OF feathred Foules, that fanne the buckfom
 Aire,

Not All alike weare made for Foode to Men ;
 For, These Thou shalt not eat, doth God declare,
 Twice tenne Their Nombre, and their Fleshe unclene:
 Fyrst the Great Eagle, ¹ Byrde of feigned Jove,
 Which ² Thebanes worshippe, and Diviners love:

¹ Vid. Natal. Com. de Mytholog. Lib. 2. Cap. de Jove.

² Vid. Diodor. Sicul. Lib. 1.

Next Offisfrage, and Ospray, (Both ³ One kinde)
 Of Luxurie, and Rapine, Emblems mete,
 That haunte the Shores, the choicest Preye to finde,
 And braft the Bones, and scoope the Marrowe swete:
 The Vulture, void of Delicace, and Feare,
 Who spareth not the pale dede Man to tear:

The tall-built Swann, faire Type of Pride confessit;
 The Pelicane, whose Sons are nurst with Bloode,
⁴ Forbidd to Man! — She stabbeth deep hir Breast,
 Self Murthereffe through Fondness to hir Broode:
 They too that raunge the thirstie Wildes emong,
 The ⁵ Ostryches, unthoughtful of thir Yonge:
 The

³ Vid. Patr. in loc.
 ad Heb.

⁴ Vid. passim in Pentat. & in Ep.

⁵ *The Night-Hawk is the Male Ostrich, according to Bochart, and the Owl the Female: Here the Author chuses to put both Sexes together. It is remarkable, that in the Hebrew Language*

The Raven ominous, (As Gentiles holde)
 What Time She croaketh hoarsely *A la Morte*;
 The Hawke, Aerial Hunter, swift, and bolde,
 In Feates of Mischief trayned for Disporte;
 The vocale Cuckowe, of the Faulcon Race,
 Obscene Intruder in hir Neighbor's Place :

The Owle demure, who loveth not the Lighte,
 (Ill Semblance She of Wisdome to the Greeke)
 The smallest Fouls dradd Foe, the Coward Kite,
 And the still Herne, arresting Fishes meeke;
 The glutton Cormorante, of fullen Moode:
 Regarding no Distinction in hir Foode.

guage there are no particular Words to distinguish the Sexes of this Bird as there are for the Male and Female Eagle and Raven, &c. The unnatural Quality here assign'd to the Ostrich, is very elegantly mention'd in Job, cap. 39. ver. 16.

The

The ⁶ Storke, whiche dwelleth on the Fir tree-topp,
 And trusteth that no Pow'er shall Hir dismaye,
 As Kinges on thir high Stations place thir Hope,
 Nor wist that ⁷ there be higher farr than Theye:
 The gay ⁸ Gier-Eagle, beautifull to viewe,
 Bearyng within a Savage Herte untrew:

The ⁹ Ibis whome in Egypte *Israël* found,
 Fell Byrd! That livyng Serpents con digest;
 The crested Lapwyng, wailing shrille Arounde,
 Sollicitous, with noe Contentment blest:
 Last the foul ¹⁰ Batt, of Byrde, and Beast fyrst bredde,
 Flittyng, with littel leathren Sailes dispredde.

⁶ Psal. 104. 17. ⁷ Eccles. 5. 8. ⁸ Gypaetos
 is said to partake of the Colours as well as the Qualities of the Eagle
 and Vulture. Vid. Gesner. ⁹ So called according to the
 Vulg. Lat. But in our Eng. Bib. The Great Owl. ¹⁰ Arist.
 de Animal. Lib. 4. cap. 13.

To Her MAJESTY
 Queen *CAROLINE*,
 ON HER
 ACCESSION to the THRONE:

*Being the concluding Copy in the Oxford
 Collection upon that Occasion.*

AN *English* Muse shall close the solemn Scene,
 Duteous to celebrate An *English* Queen;
 For such is *She*, who by Affection reigns,
 And holds our willing Hearts in easy Chains;
 Whom partial *Wales* Their Patroness would call,
 Tho' to All equal, tho' rever'd by All.
 Who makes the *Mitred* Prelacy her Care,
 To learned *Wake* (as late to *Smalridge*) dear:

Yet

Yet shines, on ev'ry meanest Subject, bright,
 Chearfully bounteous—Like (God's Gift) *The Light*:

THEE Holy Truth, THEE decent Zeal supports,
 Humble in Greatness, and devout in Courts;
 Whose faithful Heart not *Roman Arts* could gain,
 And CÆSAR offer'd Half the Globe in vain.

No such Refusal could *Elisa* boast
 When gay *Alanzon* on her wond'ring Coast
 His *Lillies* spread:—Irresolute she turn'd,
 (Not as when *Mulciber Minerva* scorn'd)
 Then said (or seem'd to say) with faint Disguise,
 I view all Princes with untempted Eyes.
 Far more Sincere, more Pious to refuse,
 More Prudent *You*, more Elegant to chuse!

O doubly blest'd! who, with *Great George's* Heir,
 Heav'n's richest Gifts, Earth's choicest Joys may
 prove,

Whilst (amiable in Majesty) *You* share

One Hope, one Faith, one Happiness, one Love.

Janus well-pleas'd will turn his younger Face

To view the future Glories of your Race;

Britannia happy, in each God-like Son,

And Daughters ruling Nations, not our Own;

Extensive Good! which *You*, with gen'rous Care,

For This, for other Lands, and distant Days prepare:

Hence, glorious on *Thy Self* reflected shine

The dawning Virtues of *Thy Num'rous Line*,

By *Thy* Example form'd, taught by *Thy* Skill divine.

All Factions hence—(for All *thy* Worth confess)

The *Queen*, the *Mother*, and the *Christian* blest.

O CAROLINE! for ev'ry Grace renown'd,
 With Wit, with Judgment, and with Beauty crown'd,
 Deign to accept This Tribute of my Praise,
 Tho' rude of Stile, and artless be the Lays:
 Our youthful Bards, on *Isis*' Banks retir'd,
 Unseen in Courts, by Swains alone admir'd,
 (Such once was *Addison*—whom *You* inspir'd.
 As yet but hear how *Foreign Muses* please,
 With *Spanish* Grandeur, or with *Tuscan* Ease;
 But, when the *Living Languages* they know,
 (A Gift, which we to *Royal Bounty* owe)
 Each rising Genius shall more boldly soar,
 Sweetly disclosing Charms unknown before;
 Our *Athens* then, more various in Her Songs,
 Like *Fame*, will praise Thee with a Hundred
 Tongues.

So the rough Agates, in their native Mine,
 Or lay conceal'd, or only faintly shine,
 'Till some kind Hand, distinguishing their Worth,
 Calls all their Multitude of Beauties forth;
 Then Nature's mimic Gems (improv'd by Art)
 surprize,
 And Rocks, and Clouds, and Trees, in little Landskips
 rise.



O D E

ON THE

P A S S I O N .

I.

IN Sable clad, *Urania* come,
 Dictate a Pity-moving Lay,
 Such as may paint a dying God,
 And all his Wounds and Pangs display:
 What Time the blisful Saints above,
 Struck with his Suff'rings and his Love,
 Began to heave unusual Sighs;
 Each Seraph tore his Palmy-crown,
 Each threw his Harp or Trumpet down,
 And Grief a while usurp'd the Skies.

II.

But hark! I hear triumphant Shouts,
 Of *Jews* that dare insult their Lord;
 At whose Approach pale Sickness fled,
 Madness and Storms obey'd his Word:
 This gracious Benefactor see,
 Stretch'd out in Anguish on the Tree!
 How deep the Traces of the Scourge!
 His bending Head how pale!
 The Spear has gor'd his snowy Side,
 His tender Feet the Nail!

III.

Sudden the Graves their dreary Depths disclose,
 Low, doleful Sounds run murm'ring thro' the Air;
 The shrouded Bodies from the Charnels rose,
 And gliding by, their trembling Kindred scare;
 The

The twisting Rocks their sulph'rous Beds display'd,
 Earth's deep Foundations to the Center shook;
 The Sun was cover'd with a ten-fold Shade,
 Unable on Messiah's Pains to look :
 Remotest Lands the dreadful Portents felt,
 And, for a Time, in Wonder, Fear, and Darkness
 dwelt.

IV.

Beneath, lo! *Mary* weeping stands,
 In Tears most pitifully fair,
 And beats the Breast, where *Christ* had hung,
 And tears her long dishevell'd Hair——
 “ Where can I lay my mournful Head?
 “ My Son, my King, my God is dead!
 “ To gloomy Deserts let me go,
 “ Among the horrid Rocks and Woods,
 “ The Caves, and pensive-falling Floods,
 “ Indulging Solitude and Woe!”—

V.

V.

And shall not vile, ungrateful Man,
 Bear in these Grievs a wretched Part,
 Roll in the Dust, and beat his Face,
 Bleed in his Bowels, and his Heart?
 While stern *Repentance* near him stands,
 Pointing to Heav'n with meagre Hands!
 O let us weep, and humbly pray,
 That Faith no longer mourn,
 That Peace may raise her oliv'd Head,
 And Righteousness return.

VI.

Then Pride no more shall swell her purple Crest,
 Or mad Ambition kindle lawless Strife;
 Pale Envy then shall leave the tortur'd Breast,
 And frowning Murder break his reeking Knife;

Old Avarice his Heaps of Gold forego,

Sly Theft no more the Traveller beguile,

Lust shall grow whiter than the new-fall'n Snow,

And Rage be calm'd, and Malice learn to smile:

Ev'n *Satan's* Self shall feel a heavier Chain,

And gnash his Teeth, and shake his burning Spear
in vain.

VII.

Alas! far other Scenes appear,

Man still enslav'd to tenfold Guilt,

Toft on from Vanity to Vice,

Forgets his Saviour's Blood was spilt:

Forgets he left the Realms of Day,

Changing his glorious Robes for Clay:

With inexpressive Mercy fill'd,

His Angels left, and Em'rald Throne,

Deigning as Mortal to come down,

To be despis'd, forsaken, kill'd.

VIII.

VIII.

Yet there remains a dreadful Day,
 When, after Years in Follies spent,
 This vain, fantastic World shall fall,
 With ev'ry melting Element.
 Methinks I hear the Angel—"Come—
 "This Trumpet calls ye to your Doom."—
 The simple *Indian* starts amaz'd,
 The *Jew* now dreads the Rod,
 Curs'd is the Koran by the *Turk*,
 The Atheist owns a God.

IX.

Down rides Messiah on the Wings of Wind,
 His fiery Sword of Justice blazing round;
 To Vengeance comes He, yet with Mercy kind,
Satan and Death behind his Chariot bound.

O turn we from the burning Sinner's Pains,
 His agonizing Struggles, piercing Complaints ;
 And let us listen to the rapt'rous Strains,
 Sung by the Just, the Seraphs, and the Saints :
 How for Mankind the filial Godhead bled,
 And proud Captivity an humbled Captive led !



The Eighth ODE of the Second
Book of HORACE.

To BARINE.

1. **U**LLA si Juris tibi pejerati
Pœna, Barine, nocuisset unquam,
Dente si nigro fieres, vel uno
Turpior Ungui,
Crederem.——

2. —— Sed tu, simul obligâsti
Perfidum Votis Caput, enitescis

Pulchrior

Imitated.

To Sir ROBERT WALPOLE.

1. **I**F ever Justice with her iron Hand,
Had dar'd to thrust thee from this groaning
Land,

Or on thy Front, t'avenge a People's Cry,
Burnt the red Marks of shameless Villany;
Or, as from righteous *Japhet*, cropt an Ear,
Which, daily, fine-spun Flatt'ry wont to hear;
Poor *Britain* might appease her Grievs, and smile,
And hope her Genius had not left her Isle.

2. But You——the less your Country you befriend,
The more the Courtier-mob before you bend:

Each

Pulchrior multo, Juvenumque prodio

Publica Cura.

3. Expedit Matris Cineres opertos

Fallere, & toto taciturna Noctis

Signa cum Cœlo, gelidâque Divos

Morte carentes.

4. Ridet hoc (inquam) Venus ipsa, rident

Simplices Nymphæ, ferus & Cupido,

Semper ardentes acuens Sagittas

Cote Cruentâ.

Each vile Corruption lures 'em to your Purse,
 As hungry Infects a corrupted Corse ;
 While bowing Bards with panegyric Lays,
 Wipe off, or turn your Vices to your Praise ;
 As if the Muse, with all her *Pindus'* Stream,
 Cou'd wash a Negro white, or clean your Name.

3. What tho' you swear your Country to redress,
 To shield in War, to cherish her in Peace ;
 None dare thy false, *Ligurian* Words believe,
 Who deem't it Depth of Wisdom to deceive.

4. At this Corruption smiles with ghastly Grin,
 Foretelling Triumphs to her Sister Sin ;
 Who, as with baneful Wings aloft she flies,
 " This ruin'd Land be mine "——exulting cries ;

E

Grim

5. Adde quòd Pubes tibi crescit omnis;
 Servitus crescit nova; nec priores
 Impiæ tectum dominæ relinquunt

Sæpe minati.

6. Te suis Matres metuunt Juvencis,
 Te fenes parci, miseræque nuper

Virgines

Grim Tyranny attends her on her Way,
And whets his flaming Sword that thirsts to slay.

5. How widely spreads thy Pow'r! almighty
Knight!

Conquest is surer when you bribe, than fight:
No more let *Persia* hail her laurell'd Lord,
Before a Sesterce what avails a Sword?
Yet sure 'tis strange your Slaves will Slaves remain,
Tho' ten Times kick'd they come, they cringe again;
As foolish *Phædria* still figh'd for his Whore,
Tho' the dear Jilt had thrust him from her Door.

6. Striking her Breast, what Tears has Virtue
shed,

To see plain Justice, Truth, and Valour fled?

Virgines nuptæ, tua ne retardet

Aura Maritos.



Who can relate her home-felt, Patriot-Pains,
 How much she sighs, how deeply she complains,
 That *Britain* bends to thy corruptive Pow'r,
 Debauch'd, like *Danæe*, with a golden Show'r?



Carmen in celeberrimi Gloveri
LEONIDAM.

VOS animæ illustres, quæ jam per amœna
vireta

Elysii, ad liquidos fontes divina piorum
Concilia heroûm celebratis, & horrida longè
Tartara despicitis, tetras caligine fedes;
Leönidâ invictæ, & Dithyrambi dia Juventus,
Diomedonque, & vos vix tanti nominis umbræ,
Quæ simul ob patriam cecidistis vulnera passæ;
Respicite & vatem, qui vestris tanta triumphis
Dona parat Musarum, intactaque nomina versu
Aönas in montes, Pindique cacumina duxit,
Scilicet ille novus acies, nova castra camœnâ
Suscipit audaci; en quantis late obstrepat arvis

Agminibus

Agminibus Xerxes, instructoque undique campos
 Marte tenet, spoliisque hostes Orientis onustos
 Barbaricis, variisque armis, vasto ordine pandit.
 Contrà Argiva Phalanx, haud magnis freta catervis
 Sed propriâ virtute valentior, agmine paucis
 Obsidet Oetëas fauces; angustaque circum
 Castra tenet, quâ faxa altis horrentia sylvis
 Desupèr, & fructæ nemorosa cacumina rupis
 Immanem obtendunt umbram; dùm per juga summa
 (Præruptas sedes,) tranquilla silentia latè
 Servat opaca quies, & amantes aspera Nymphæ
 Aërii montis sylvestria templa tuentur.
 Instat ovans Xerxes, adversaque prælia miscet:
 Sed quid tot gentes, quò tanta superbia belli!
 Quas ibi tunc ferro strages, quæ funera sparfit
 Leonidas, clarisque insigniit arva tropæis!

Viribus haud æquis, haud diis concurritur æquis.
 Scilicet Hos cingi monuit fulgentibus armis,
 Vox vigilis patriæ, angustisque invicta periclis
 Libertus acrem incussit per pectora flammam.
 Quin parvo consueta cohors vovère juventam
 Virtuti Martique: injecta catena magistri
 Hos sævi invitos peregrina ad prælia traxit,
 Et patriâ avulsit, natisque & conjuge dulci
 Pacatisque arvis, longoque errore coëgit
 Perque vices cœli varias, perque aspera Ponti,
 Haud cædis cupidos, animisve hostilibus actos
 Regna ignota sequi, atque aliena laceffere bella.
 Vis tanta imperii, nimiique licentia sceptri!

Qui verò mentes arrectus percipit ardor
 Dum canit immemorem Lethive horæve propinque

Fervere

Fervere Leönidam, certæque occurrere morti.

Fortunate Heros, cui candida fata dederûnt

Pro patriâ periisse tuâ ! felicior ergo

Tu forti Æneâ, & cedet damnatus iniquâ

Sorte tibi Theseus, ipsoque Alcide tropæa,

Tu majora refers : utcunque domaverit anguem

Ille ferum, & Nemeâ vastum sub rupe leonem ;

Olli haud pro patriâ licuit labente perire,

Haud tantû tot Gesta, & duri mille labores.

Vos pariterque uno devincti vulnere amoris,

Ducitis antiquæ tranquilla obliviam curæ,

Quæ jam frondenti per opaca cubilia myrto,

Tu *Teribaze* ingens, *Arianæ* que umbra fidelis,

Respicite & saltem, secretâ e sede, poetam

Prosequitur cineres tanto qui munere vestras,

Qui

Qui manibus gratis tam pulchros spargere flores
 (Triste ministerium) vestram dignatur in urnam,
 Ipse pias etiam exequias, & fersa pararem,
 Quin felix tumulus partoque insignis honore
 Haud ultrà ornari gestit, studiiq; recusat
 Dona supervacui, & levioris munera musæ.
 At saltè liceat duram miserescere sortem
 Amborum, & lacrymâ tristem donare favillam.

Vos autem Ætei rupes, & grandia faxa,
 Et nemorum quæcunque umbræ juga lata coronant,
 Vos veteres pinus, & tactæ fulmine quercus
 Cum Nymphis salvete! & tu formido verendi
 Relligiosa loci, quæ solo in littore secum
 Heroûm (ut perhibent) simulacra ingentia pastor
 Sæpe sub obscurum noctis volitare pavescit.

Tu Gloverè simul, seu publica fortè miniftras
 Munera, civiles agitans in pectore curas,
 Seu dulces numeros divinaque carmina pangas
 Musarum fuavi per mentem inftinctus amore,
 Tuque etiam falve! neque enim fibi vendicat omnes
 Jam lauros *Milto*, fiquas ferat *Anglia* Mater;
 Non Britonum folus frontem velâffe coronâ
 Pieriâ, aut liquidam libâffe Aganippida jactat,
 Tantâ utcunque lyrâ primævi fata parentis,
 Tartaræasque domos fonet, & cœleftia Bella.



ASTROPHIL to his SON,
aged Seven Months.

O THOU! with whom I fondly share
My faithful *Stella's* Love, and Care,
To thee 'tis giv'n to tumble o'er
Thy absent Sire's poetic Store,
(With eager Hands these Lines to seize
And tear, or lose 'em, as you please,)
Thou too from Pedantry art free,
And I can safely sing to thee.

What tho' thy Age no Skill can boast,
In one small Round of Follies lost;
Yet ev'n thy Toys, and Tears, and Strife,
Act all the World in little Life.

Alike Man aims at all he can,
 And Imitation teaches Man :
 —But then has Man his Play-things too?—
 —Yes sure.—Amusements all allow,
 And are more serious Fools—than thou.
 We differ, only in th' Intent
 As idle—but less innocent.

}



THE HISTORY OF THE

REIGN OF

CHARLES THE FIRST



BY

JOHN BURNET

OF THE UNIVERSITY OF OXFORD

IN TWO VOLUMES



P H I L A N D E R,

A N

Imitation of S P E N C E R:

*Occasioned by the Death of Mr. WILLIAM
LEVINZ, of M. C. Oxon, Nov. 1706.*

“ To You alone I sing this mournful Verse—
“ Made not to please the living, but the Dead—
“ To You, whose soft’n’d hearts it may empierce
“ With Dolours—(if you covet It to read—
“ And if in You found pittie ever place,
“ May You be mov’d to pittie such a case.

SPENCER.

ON THE

D E A T H

OF

Mr. *WILLIAM LEVINZ.*

*Purpureos spargam flores, animamque Philandri
His saltèm accumulem donis, & fungar inani
Munere——— VIRG. Æn. VI.*

GIVE me, ye weeping Nine, the softest Airs,
Whilst I with you *Philander's* Fate condole;

Let Pity grace each sadly-pleasing Verse,

And tender Words that thrill the melting Soul:

Echo shall kindly answer as I mourn,

And gently-wafted Sounds my doleful Complaints

return.

F

When

When rural *Spencer* sung, the list'ning Swains
 Wou'd oft' forget to feed the fleecy Throng;
 The fleecy Throng, charm'd with the melting
 Strains,
 Fed not—but on the Musick of his Song;
 His *Mulla* would in ling'ring Bubbles play,
 'Till his pleas'd Waters stole unwillingly away.

And cou'd my Verse but with its Theme com-
 pare,
 Moving as *Spencer* I my Grief wou'd tell;
 The ravish'd Bard shou'd to *Elysium* hear
 A second *Colin* mourn—a second *Astrophel*.

My Lays shou'd more than equal Glory boast,
 And the fam'd *Mulla* be in smother *Cherwell* lost.

Cherwell ! blest'd Stream while thy *Philander* liv'd !

Where-e'er thy Waves in mazy Windings turn,

Tell ev'ry Stream of whom they are depriv'd,

And bid 'em all in sobbing Murmurs mourn :

Oft' on thy Banks he'd tell thy Praises o'er,

'Twas there I saw him last—but oh ! shall see no
more.

Look, said the Youth, (as then he wond'ring stood)

How *Cherwell*'s Waves in dinted Dimples smile !

I joy to see his amicable Flood

With circling Arms embrace the happy Soil :

How loth he seems these charming Shades to
leave,

That from his silver Urn a nobler Grace receive !—

—But mute is now the Musick of that Voice,
That to th' attentive Flood such Praises gave!—

'Mong Bones and Skulls the dear *Philander* lies,
Cold, cold, and silent as the dismal Grave!—

Mourn then, ye Youths, for ever mourn his Fate;
Ye cannot grieve too long—but oh ye grieve too
late!

—Look all around the Woods, and Plains, and
Floods;

Do not ev'n they the mighty Loss deplore?

Lo Pleasure leaves the Floods, and Plains, and
Woods!

And pensive Birds now warble there no more;

But pining Doves, and moaning Turtles coo,

And Choirs of Swans make up the Harmony of

Woe,

Their

Their tuneful Sorrow ravishes my Ear,
 While mourning Vegetables please the Eye;
 The sick'ning Flow'rs their Heads but faintly rear,
 And droop beneath the dewy Tears, and die!
 Like them the Youth a thousand Charms cou'd
 boast,
 —But oh the Youth like them those short-liv'd
 Charms has lost!

Say, You his Friends, Companions of my Woe,
 Say what kind Gentleness adorn'd his Mind?
 Tell me, can You such native Candour show?
 And may we still a true *Philander* find?
 Vain Hope!—let all with gen'rous Shame confess,
 None e'er excell'd you more—and yet cou'd know
 it less.

Oft wou'd the Youth into himself descend,
 And act at once the Confessor and Saint;
 How pleas'd he'd see th' examin'd Breast un-
 stain'd,
 And say with modest Joy *I'm Innocent!*
 Confed'rate Graces spoke him Whole Divine,
 All beautiful without, and spotless all within.

 And must such fair Perfection yield to Fate?
 Why was thy early Goodness ripe so soon?
 Ye Pow'rs! let Virtue have a longer Date,
 Or some prevailing Muse to make it known:
 Oh! cou'd these Lays proportion'd Praises give,
 The lovely Youth shou'd still in deathless Numbers
 live!

Thou

Thou constant Object of my lab'ring Thought!
 Tho' thy dear Prefence cruel Death denies,
 Oft is thy Shade by kinder *Morpheus* brought,
 And oft by Fancy to my longing Eyes:
 Sometimes my Thoughts thy dying Gasps re-
 new,
 Ev'n now methinks I see all Death expos'd to
 View.

I see *Philander* on his Death-bed lain!
 What griping Pangs his tortur'd Heart corrode!
 Look how resign'd he bears each smarting Pain!
 And inly groaning invokes his God!
 How chang'd he looks! how ashy pale his Hue!
 I ne'er unwilling saw the lovely Youth 'till now!

Are those the Arms with which we oft embrac'd?
 Those Hands, benumn'd, and cold, are those like his?

And his dear Lips, by constant Learning grac'd,
 Say, did they tremble, and look wan as these?—

—Love might with Fear a doubtful Strife maintain,

But that my Griefs present a yet more dismal Scene.

Behold! his Friends all croud around his Bed!
 Hark with what bitter Cries they o'er him moan!
 Look on their streaming Eyes! what Tears they
 shed!

Their Grief makes all his Miseries their own!

And while this Pomp of Death *Philander* sees,
 The dying Youth by their's perceives his Miseries.

Now

Now his chill Face with eager Lips they kiss,
Grasp his cold Hand, and take their last Farewel!—

How languishing they fix their Eyes on his!
Their aking Sight cou'd there for ever dwell!

Too well they know those parting Looks are vain,
And turn themselves aside — yet needs must look
again.

—But doubtful Mists swim hov'ring o'er his Eyes,
That feebly round their hollow Orbits rowl;
Whilst in imperfect Groans and less'ning Sighs,
With pious Carelessness he yields his Soul;
His Soul unfetter'd seeks the Realms of Light,
And to her native Heav'n she takes her tow'ring
Flight.

But

But who can tell his weeping Mother's Care?
 His Death in vain by silent Friends is hid,
 For conscious Tears the fatal Truth declare,
 And their expressive Silence says, He's Dead!
 Her still-born Sorrow speaks an inward Woe,
 Beyond what Sighs, or Tears, or Words unequal
 show.

O cease, thou good *Sophronia*, left forlorn,
 For thy much-lov'd *Philander* weep no more;
 Those, who thy Son's sad Fate cou'd never mourn,
 Will ev'n his living Mother now deplore;
 For when such Piety in Tears they view,
 Their soften'd Hearts must grieve to sympathize
 with You.

Look

Look on thy Daughter, beauteous in Distress,
 Nor think while *Stella* lives *Philander* lost;
 Oh! may kind Heav'n in Her your Griefs redress,
 And You in one a num'rous Blessing boast!
 May His redoubl'd Life to her return!
 And you in *Stella* see *Philanders* yet unborn!



HIERONYMI FRACASTORII.

A D

JOAN. BAPTISTAM TURRIANUM
VERONENSEM.

BATT E, animos quando tristes curasque le-
vare

Musa potest, ego nunc sortem, casusque supremos

Ipse meos tristi solabor carmine tecum,

Et tecum dulces natos, quos funus acerbum

Abstulit, æternâ & pariter caligine texit,

Conquerar: ut saltem tenebris & nocte perenni,

Quantum opis est nostræ, miserorum nomina demam.

Quæ potui, dum vita illos, auræque fovebant,

Exhibui

[77]

TO

BAPTISTA TURRIANO,

FROM THE

Latin of FRACASTORIUS:

On the Death of his Sons.

SINCE with sweet Balm the Muse alone can
heal

Sad Sorrow's Wound, and sooth the troubled Mind,

Listen a While my *Battus*, nor refuse

Her grateful Gift of grief-beguiling Verse ;

Which to thy much-lov'd Sons, whom dreary Death

Has wrap'd in *Stygian* Shade, she weeping pays.

At least her Song, if e'er her Song avail'd,

From their fair Names may snatch the Veil of Night.

E'er yet oppress'd by Fate's untimely Stroke

My tender Care inform'd their helpless Age ;

This,

Exhibui genitorque, gubernatorque duorum
 Infelix, primas alter vix fingere voces,
 Alter adhuc teneris jam tum decerpere ab annis
 Prima rudimenta, atque omen præbere parenti.
 Quos ego (sed Zephyri spes portavere paternas)
 Censueram, si fata darent, quum posceret ætas
 Fortior, ad dulces tecum traducere Musas
 Affiduos, citharamque humeris suspendere ebur-
 nam.

Inde ubi jam cœlum, ac Solem, fulgentiaque astra,
 Terramque, & liquidos ignes, æquorque profundum
 Mirari inciperent, latisque animalia campis,
 Te monstrante viam, te rerum arcana docente,
 Mens fuerat dulces Sophiæ deducere ad hortos,
 Hortos, quos ver perpetuum, quos aura Favonii

Semper

This, yet with lisping Accent scarce could frame
 Th' imperfect Word, while This in early Dawn
 Cropt the first Flow'rs of Knowledge, and began
 To give glad Promise of a fertile Spring.

If Fortune e'er had blest my blooming Hopes
 When to firm Manhood grew their ripen'd Age,
 My Hand had led them to the mossy Grotts,
 Of *Cirrha's* Vale, their Father's much-lov'd Haunts,
 And on their Shoulder hung *Euterpe's* Lute.

Thence, when their soaring Minds had trac'd the
 Stars,

The golden Sun, broad Deep, and dædal Globe,
 While thy sage Mind disclos'd the dubious Way;
 To the fair Gardens of Philosophy
 Had bore them wond'ring, which eternal *Spring*
 And mild *Favonius* feed with balmy Dews

Of

Semper alit, semper cœlesti nectare pascit.
 Hic tremulo, & longâ confecto ætate parenti
 Purpureos legerent flores : seniique levamen,
 Threïciâ canerent citharâ, quæ plurima quondam
 Audîssent te populeâ meditante sub umbrâ,
 Divino mirantem Athesim dum carmine mulces,
 Et rerum canis & teneri primordia mundi.

Fortunate senex, si natorum ore referri
 Fata finant, ut nata chao antiquissima rerum
 Materies visi correpta cupidine pulchri
 Arserit, atque Deûm thalamo complexa jugârit
 Corpora prima : quibus discordia nata hymenæis,
 Et divisa locis, suprema petiverit ignis
 Purior, & nitidis vicinus federit astris :

Quem

Of Nectar ; then to crop purpureal Flowers,
 Sweet Solace of their hoary Parent's Age ;
 Oft too to cheer thy pensive Eve of Life
 Their skilful Hands had strung the *Thracian* Lyre
 To Notes like Thine, that on the daisied Marge
 Of *Atbefs*, beneath the Poplar Shade,
 They heard thee sing, of Nature's infant Dawn,
 The wild Wave hushing with thy magic Strain.

O how thine Age, my much lov'd Friend, had smil'd
 If e'er thou could'st have heard thy Sons declare,
 How Matter first from shapeless Chaös born
 With Beauty long'd to joyn ; how Discord rose
 At length to Texture and to Shape confin'd ;
 How to th' ethereal Vault the purer Fire
 Aspir'd, and to the starry Reign upflew,

G

While

Quem juxta per inane amplum se fuderit aër :
 Ima autem tellus vasto circum obruta ponto
 Constiterit : quam dudum hinc inde agitantibus undis
 Substerni late campi, deformiaque arva
 Paullatim apparere supra, & concrefcere montes
 Cœperunt, procul & nudas ostendere cautes,
 Mox nemora, & virides undis mirantibus ornos.
 Montanis tum speluncis, & rupibus altis
 Exfluere udæ formoso corpore Nymphæ,
 In viridi flavos ficcantes littore crines.

O fortunatum nimium, si Numina tantum
 Hæc mihi servassent, si non casura dedissent.
 Verum aliter Lachesi visum est quo tempore primum
 Natorum cœpit producere fila duorum :
 Quippe auram miseris, & dulcem noscere vitam,

While Air diffusive fill'd the spacious Void.
 How o'er the Globe a Defert waste and wild
 Of Sea was roll'd, 'till from the watry Scene
 At length emerg'd broad Plains and oozy Fields,
 And high to Heav'n the Mountains heav'd their Backs
 Horrid with many a Cliff; while cloath'd in Green
 Tall Forests from the wondering Waters rose;
 And from the rocky Caves and Caverns dank
 Sprung forth the Nymphs in naked Beauty bright,
 And dry'd their Tresses on the verdant Shore.

O thrice had Fortune blest my blissful Life,
 If ne'er the Gods had cropt these blooming Hopes
 And kept them still inviolate; but Death
 Just when they promis'd in the rising Dawn
 Of Infancy so fair a Spring of Flowers,

Spemque fui dederat præbere : alia omnia ventis
 Tradita, nocte atrâ & tenebris involverat Orci.
 Non licuit firmos annis, viridesque juventâ
 Inspicere, & caræ ad metam deducere vitæ.
 Nec potui votis, nec ope adjuvisse paternâ
 Clamantes, frustra que patris suprema petentes
 Auxilia, & notâ nequidquam voce vocantes.
 Heu mortem invisam ! quis te mihi, Paulle, Deorum
 Arripit, & miserum complexibus abstrahit istis ?
 Tu prior immiti correptus morte parentem
 Deferis, & dulces auras & lumina linquis.
 Quod te si tali dederant sub lege futurum
 Fata mihi, non jam fuerat mœroris abunde ?
 Non gemitus ? quid me è tam multis patribus unum,
 Cœlicolæ, lacrimisque novis, & morte recenti
 Opprimitis, caroque etiam spoliatis Iulo ?

Heu

With baleful Breath forbad the Bud to bloom,
 And buried all beneath the dismal Shade
 Of *Tartarus*; nor could my anxious Care
 Lead them to glowing Youth, and Manhood firm,
 And see them run the weary Length of Life.
 Nor could their Parent's earnest Prayers or Art
 Save them, tho' loud they call'd with moving Voice
 His medicinal Aid!—O cruel Death,
 O say what God, my *Paulus*, stopt thy Breath,
 And tore thee ruthless from my cold Embrace?
 You first dear Youth your weeping Father left
 No more to view the Beam of chearful Heav'n.
 Thy Fate alone had plung'd my lab'ring Soul
 In Woe too deep, then wherefore, heav'nly Pow'rs,
 Add ye fresh Cause of Grief, and bid new Tears,
 New kindred Tears for sweet *Lulus* flow?

Heu miserande puer, quanto plena omnia luctu
 Liquisti abscedens! quem non vesana Deorum
 Incusavit inops, quum te complexa jacentem
 Aspiceret laniata comas & pectora mater?
 Ah misera, ah male fausta parens, quid numina
 fletu

Sollicitas? jacet ille, velut succisus aratro
 Flos tener, & frustra non audit tanta gementem.
 Ah misera, ah quid sublatum complexa moraris?
 Ille tuus non jam est. Vos illam in funere, matres,
 Collapsam accipite, exanimemque reponite tectis.

At vos, infantes animæ, carissima nuper
 Pignora (quod misero superest optare parenti)
 Semper avete mei, ut licuit, semperque valete.
 Seu dulce Elysiū functos, umbræque tenebunt

Sanctorum

How thy mad Mother every God accus'd,
 As o'er thy Coarse reclin'd, her Hair she rent,
 And beat with pitiless Hand her bleeding Breast.
 O cease, fond Mother, to solicit thus
 The Gods with fruitless Cries! as the fair Flower
 Whom yet in infant Bloom the shining Share
 Cuts from the Parent Glebe, *Iulus* lies
 Deaf to thy loud Complaints; no more embrace
 His clay-cold Limbs with unavailing Arms!
 Ev'n now, sad Follower of his fable Herse
 She faints—ye Matrons lift the drooping Dame,
 Rouse struggling Life, and bear to soft Repose!

Ye pure, unspotted Shades! receive this Hail!
 This last Adieu, Remembrance of my Love,
 And Friendship's Pledge sincere! where'er ye dwell,
 Whether ye wander in *Elysian* Vales,

Sanctorum nemorum, puro seu fidera cœlo,
 Ipse ego vos semper lacrimis, vos carmine tristi
 Prosequar, & vestris persolvam iusta sepulchris;
 Donec me vobis tenuem conjunxerit umbram
 Summa dies, natis æquat quæ sola parentes.

Interea curas numeris, Musæque levemus,
 Batte, animos: quando rerum mortalis origo est,
 Scilicet & quondam veniet labentibus annis
 Illa dies, quum jam curvo sub vomere taurus
 Desudet, terramque gravis proscindat arator,
 Nunc ubi cæruleæ rostris spumantibus undæ
 Sulcantur, verruntque citæ freta longa carinæ.
 Nec vos, ô liquidi fontes, æterna manebunt
 Sæcula, se tanto quamvis pater efferat amne
 Eridanus, tumidusque fluat tot cornibus Ister.

Or triumph in the Star-bespangled Skies,
 Still grateful will I pay the duteous Tear
 And Rite of sacred Song, nor yearly fail
 To crown with freshest Wreaths your honour'd Urns.

Mean time, my *Battus*, let the Muse relieve
 Our Sorrow-lab'ring Breasts and sooth our Cares;
 Since All is frail and built on Mortal Base.
 The Days will come, when at the tardy Plow
 The Steer shall pant, and thro' the stubborn Mold
 The Share shall pass, where now the winged Bark
 Cleaves the blue Deep, and skims the glassy Plain.
 Nor shall the Fountains fam'd in ancient Song
 Still stream exhaustless; tho' the mighty Po
 Devolves so full a Tide, and *Ister* laves

Un-

Quin etiam aërii montes, mirabile dictu,
 Taygetus, Syphilusque, jugo & Cymbotus opaco
 Innumeras post ætates, ac sæcula longa,
 Senferunt seniumque suum, supremaque fata;
 Ex quo materies thalamos, priinosque hymenæos,
 Atque elementa novus sensit discordia mundus.



Unnumber'd Channels, with enormous Flood.

The cloud-capt Mountains, proud *Taygetus*,

Tall *Sypilus*, and crown'd with woody Cliffs

Cymbotus, thro' the Course of endless Years

Have from their deep Foundations felt the Force

Of gradual Diffolution and Decay :

Since Matter first embrac'd the smiling Form

Of Order, and the warring Elements

Together rush'd to form th' emerging World.



To the Right Honourable

GEORGE DODINGTON, *Esq;*

AS late I rov'd by *Lodon's* whispering Stream,
 Studious to found in Verse thy much-lov'd
 Name,

Apollo came, and touch'd my trembling Ear—

“To praise a *Dodington*, rash Bard! forbear!

“What can thy weak, and ill-tun'd Voice avail,

“When on *that* Theme my *Young* and *Thomson*

“fail?”



O N

M A Y M O R N I N G.

To a L A D Y.

W I N T E R no more the weeping Fields de-
forms,

Pours the deep Snow-drift, or descends in Storms,

But rural Music wakes the blithsome *Spring*,

And every Wood invites to love and sing;

See in yon' Bow'r the Goddess' Self appears,

A Rose-bud Garland on her Locks she wears,

And on her Wrist two cooing Turtles bears :

Join'd Hand in Hand attends her Sister *May*,

Simple, yet fair; and tho' not wanton, gay;

Behind a Train of Nymphs and Youths advance,

Touch the soft Lute, and join in sprightly Dance.

Hither

Hither ye City-Nymphs and *Belles* repair,
 To sport in Freedom, and a purer Air!
 Safe may ye wander thro' the cooling Wood,
 Or listen to the Birds and falling Flood:
 No Beau-Deceivers lurk among the Flocks,
 No ruffling Winds shall dislocate your Locks;
 But Peace and Innocence true Pleasures yield,
 While new *Vauxhalls* arise in every Field.

But the light Herd of well-bred Dames disdain
 The calmer Pleasures of the painted Plain;
 Gay *Flavia* hates a Mead and purling Rill
 More than a Church, Small-pox, or Mercer's Bill;
 " For who, she cries, a *London*-Life would change,
 " Pensive in solitary Woods to range;

" To

“ To walk without a Beau in some lone Vale,
 “ Nor *Handel* hear, but the sad Nightingale ;
 “ Or sit at solemn Whist by gloomy Fires,
 “ With aukward Parsons, Justices, and Squires?” —

But blest with strong, unfashionable Sense,
 You relish rural Ease and Innocence:
 Can leave Ridotto's for an useful Book;
 Or sit at Plain-work by a murm'ring Brook:
 In useful Labours pass each virtuous Day,
 Nor sigh for Opera, Masquerade or Play.

What Joy to view from far the sweating Steer,
 The Blackbirds or the Milk-maids Song to hear ;
 Count budding Cowslips, or with Lambkins play,
 Sing with a Nymph, or with a Shepherd stray !

Then

Then cast thee weary on the painted Ground,
 Where Hazels cast a checquer'd Shade around;
 While issuing from a Bud a Bee shall come,
 To bless thy Slumbers with a drowsy Hum.

But who can sleep! ten thousand Joys combin'd,
 Employ the Smell, the Ear, the Eye, the Mind!
 Have youthful Poets dreamt of golden Days,
 When Fruits ambrosial ripen'd in their Lays,
 Did Honey-streams in liquid Numbers flow,
 In the rich Verse spontaneous Harvests glow?
 Soon imag'd Charms, and faint Description cloy,
 Fancy may paint, but Nature gives the Joys:
 Who taught the Nightingale her Nest to form,
 In useful Beauty, wonderful and warm?

(May

(May no rough Rustic violate the Boughs,
 Where hangs her little, mossy-circled House)
 Who sent the Dam to cull the choicest Food,
 Now in the Forest seeking now the Flood,
 And to the hungry Young with Haste convey
 The Worm untasted, or the Insect-Prey :
 Who swell'd the Lilly with a pearly Dew,
 Who bad gay Earth her radiant Robe renew,
 The Stream in Concert with the Linnet run,
 And the World smile beneath a warmer Sun ?
 'Tis Nature's Pow'r !—Thy all-benignant Hand
 Spreads every Joy, and blesses every Land !
 Grant, gentle Goddess, no corroding Care
 In rankling Chains our restless Hearts ensnare ;

H

O while

O while around us all is Joy and Peace
Let Sorrow die, let jarring Passions cease;
So shall Mankind Thy general Praises sing,
And in their Bosoms feel another Spring.



*On a GENTLEMAN whose Mistress
had an ill Breath.*

LOVERS 'tis said are blind—but *Thirsis* shews,
These Sighers lose not Eyes alone, but Nose;
Go, doting Fool—a fragrant Favourite seek,
Nor *Egypt*-like, adore a nauseous Leek.



V E R S E S

O N

HENRY the Eighth's seizing the Abbey-Lands, and on Queen ANNE's Augmentation of Livings.

THERE liv'd a Race to good *Charissa* dear,
 Who rais'd a thousand Domes devote to
 Pray'r;

A thousand mattin Choirs with White array'd,
 In tuneful Tributes all their Vows convey'd;
 Then Charity was wont her Isle to love,
 And oft for this to change the Realms above:
 But when she hapless found fierce Rage begin,
 Where Force reform'd but by a pious Sin,

.When

When arm'd Devotion would the Priest expel,
 And Royal Sacrilege was christen'd Zeal,
 She view'd, she mourn'd, she fled her rifled Isle,
 While ravenous *Henry* gave a Loose to Spoil.

And now where Towers stretch'd far their taper
 Shade,

Where hallow'd Walls religious Pomp display'd,
 The solitary Traveller stares around,
 Oft halts—oft deems he hears some screaming
 Sound,
 And treads with trembling Knees the consecrated
 Ground.

For oft o'er Graves the Shepherd tends his Herd,
 And points where Saints and Martyrs lay interr'd ;

Here in still Deep of Night are Peasants scar'd,
When the tall Ghosts stalk slow with Steps un-
heard,

When moaning Cries the lonesome Ruins fill,
So pitiful they howl! and shriek so hollow shrill!
These dismal Yells the Shepherds shiv'ring hear,
And feign bold Talk to chace the freezing Fear;
But when the Nod of some much-injur'd Shade
Sadly invites 'em with his beck'ning Head,

They fly. They wonder at their Speed unknown,
Glad that they shun the Sprite—yet, hast'ning on,
Oft look behind to view the Sprite they shun.

Where holy Pilgrims wont to kneel and pray,
Now browsing Goats, and lowing Oxen stray,
O'er mould'ring Pillars creeps the blushing Vine,
And leafy Fig invests each solemn Shrine,

O'er

O'er venerable Virgins sculptur'd Heads,
 Nods horrid Thorn, and darksome Elder spreads,
 And with close Foliage o'er the pictur'd Walls,
 Time's favourite Plant the mournful Ivy crawls;
 Warning the Cock, no more the midnight Bell,
 Call'd the pale Sisters from the silent Cell,
 Whose Lamps to bless benighted Wand'ers Sight,
 Cast thro' thick Windows a dim doubtful Light.

Religion wept.—to fill fair *Albion's* Throne,
 Till gracious Heav'n sent bounteous *Anna* down;
 Alike for Mercy and for War renown'd,
 She rais'd the drooping Priesthood from the Ground;
 Stoop'd from her Throne to hear each mournful Sigh,
 With Thunder in her Hand, but Pity in her Eye;

Queen of th' Afflicted! form'd by Heav'n to melt,
At every Woe distrestful Virtue felt:

Thy Name shall last with freshest Laurels crown'd,
Long as thy *Churchill's* Sword shall be renown'd;
'Till *Danube* cease to tremble at thy Name,
Forgetful of the Blood that stain'd his fearful Stream.



VERSES

V E R S E S

Written after seeing Windsor Castle.

FROM beauteous *Windsor's* high and story'd
Halls,

Where *Edward's* Chiefs start from the glowing
Walls,

To my low Cott, from ivory Beds of State,

Pleas'd I return unenvious of the Great.

So the Bee ranges o'er the vary'd Scenes

Of Corn, of Heaths, of Fallows, and of Greens,

Pervades the Thicket, soars above the Hill,

Or murmurs to the Meadows murm'ring Rill;

Now haunts old hollow'd Oaks, deserted Cells,

Now seeks the low Vale-Lilly's silver Bells;

Sips

Sips the warm Fragrance of the Greenhouse Bow'rs,
And tastes the Myrtle and the Citron-flow'rs;
At length returning to the wonted Comb,
Prefers to All his little Straw-built Home.



AGAINST

A G A I N S T
D R E S S .

To a LADY.

I.

W H Y will *Neæra* fondly deck
With pearly Rows her polish'd Neck;
Why with the feathery Tippet hide,
Her swelling Bosom's spotless Pride?
With genuine Beauties, all your own,
You need not borrow *Venus' Zone*.

II.

Whence all this fashionable Care,
To curl that lovely Length of Hair,
Which Nature meant shou'd flow profuse,
In Ringlets beautifully loose:

The

The studied Fopperies of Art
No real Elegance impart.

III.

Mark, fair One, in its native Bed,
How blooms the Cowslip's velvet Head;
What luscious Clusters load the Vines,
Whose Growth no skilful Hand confines;
How sweet the Lark and Nightingale
Untaught and artless charm the Vale.



O N

L U X U R Y.

WH Y, ye Profuse, has Nature work'd in vain,
To cloath with useful Woods *Britannia's*
Plain?

Why the stout Oak, great King of Forests, made,

The knotted Ewe, and Beech of solemn Shade?

Why bends the Ash high-rustling o'er the Hills,

Why Poplars tall o'erhang the creeping Rills?

My Lord contemptuous of his Country's Groves,

As foreign Fashions foreign Trees too loves:

“ Odious! upon a Walnut-plank to dine!

“ No—the red-vein'd *Mohogony* be mine!

“ Each Chest and Chair around my Room that stands,

“ Was ship'd thro' dangerous Seas from distant Lands:

“ Death! shou’d your *British* Cloths my Limbs

“ infold!

“ How clumsily they sett when lac’d with Gold!

“ For me rich *Persia*’s Products cross the Deep,

“ I owe my Dress to Silkworms, not to Sheep!

“ And sent to *China* the poor Sailor burns,

“ To fetch me Cups, Bowls, Urinals and Urns.”——

While thus the Great to modish Trifles stoop,
Each Science sorrows, all the Muses droop;
For those who most should patronize the Muse,
Neglect, or dread, or fetter, or abuse.

Pictura hangs the Head, and sighing stands,
And drops the uselefs Pallet from her Hands;
Sculpture that hop’d our lofty Halls to grace,
With *Raleigh*’s, *Bacon*’s, *Milton*’s, *Newton*’s Face,

Names that from *Britons* claim a loud Applause)
Weeps, breaks her rusty Chissel and withdraws.

The thoughtless Rich on rosy Beds repose,
With downy-finger'd Sloth their Eyes to close;
The Hand quite unemploy'd, and mute the Tongue,
Like idle Lutes in musty Cases hung:
Man grows fatigu'd with even Paths and plain,
Life sweetest tastes diversify'd with Pain;
The Table-Diamond shines not half so bright,
As brilliant Angles rich with varied Light.
Should Fortune frown, her Favourite's Visions cease,
His Soul starts conscious from the Bands of Ease;
Adversity to Action wakes his Worth,
And gives each hidden Talent, Life and Birth.

So

So when bleak Winter strips the mournful Trees,
The Traveller, Towns, Temples, *Villa's* fees,
That in warm Spring invisible had stood,
Too deeply bosom'd in the branching Wood.



ON
W O M E N.

I.

THREE Talents to the Fair belong,
Beauty, Cunning, and a Tongue;
By which Men lose these other Three,
Reason, Time, and Liberty:
Great is th' Advantage when their Pow'r they try,
In killing those that still desire to die.

II.

What triple Panoply, my Friend,
From Beauty's Darts can Souls defend?
Tho' sullen *Satan* never lov'd,
Yet this unlucky Truth he prov'd,

I

That

That Man by Woman might be manag'd best,
 He ruin'd *Eve*, so left to her the rest.

III.

Yet, partial Muse, forbear to blame
 The Fair for this increasing Flame;
 Each Lover is their easy Prey,
 And those who will be Captives may :
 The Loss is sure that with Desire is sought,
 We know the Snare, yet labour to be caught.

IV.

No Wonder then old *Mico's* Breast,
 At Sixty-five is still possest ;
Cupid in Time grows past Controul,
 Enthron'd within our inmost Soul ;
 For Love's a Charm that ne'er can be undone,
 While thus th' Enchanted rashly help it on.

A N

O D E,

*Written in a Grotto near Farnham in
Surry, call'd LUDLOW's Cave.*

I.

CLOSE in this deep Retreat
O coolly let me fit,

Shelter'd from the sultry Day!

Sirius and *Sol* with burning Beams

So strike the gasping Fields below,

That not an Ox is heard to low,

Or little Warbler from his Throat

To pour the sweetly-winding Note.

I 2

II.

II.

The Nymphs that keep this circling Wood,
 And beauteous *Naiads* of the neighb'ring Flood,
 With their Dew-dropping Hair,

Oft to this unadorned Cave repair,
 To dance and trip it in a Round

On the smooth and hallow'd Ground ;
 And say—" That *Dian's* Grott, and *Thetis'* Bow'rs,
 " Must yield in Coolness and in Shade to our's."—

III.

'Twas Here, as old Traditions tell,

A wither'd Witch was wont to dwell ;

The magic Mutterings of whose Voice could call
 A thousand Dæmons from their darksome Hall,
 Bid haste the wild Winds from their Northern Caves,
 Obscure the Moon, and rouse the roaring Waves :

Here

Here LUD, retiring from fierce Battle came,
 And from his Helmet quaff'd the cooling Stream;
 Leant on his Spear, unrein'd his foamy Steed,
 To pasture on the green, refreshful Mead.

IV.

Here what a solemn Silence reigns,
 Save the Tinklings of a Rill,
 That gushing from the hollow Hill,
 Pensive, as it runs, complains.
 But hark! methinks a Spirit speaks,
 A Voice from the remotest Caverns breaks;—
 “ From the vain World learn, Mortal, to retire,
 “ With true Ambition to high Heav'n aspire;
 “ Grandeur and Glory trifling Hearts trepan,
 “ These Toys disdain, for Virtue makes the Man.”—

V.

Let me therefore ever dwell,
 In this twilight, solemn Cell,
 For musing Melancholy made,
 Whose Entrance venerable Oaks o'ershade,
 And whose Roof that lowly bends,
 With awful Gloom my serious Thoughts befriends :
 Here let me dwell,
 'Till Death shall say — " Thy Cavern leave,
 " Change it for a darker Grave."



TO A
F R I E N D,

On his MARRIAGE.

WHEN *Peleus* wedded on *Theffalia's* Plain,
 The silver-footed Regent of the Main,
 The Gods came flocking to the Nuptial Feast,
 Each left his Nectar to be *Peleus'* Guest;
Jove laid his Scepter and his Thunders by,
 In Amber Clouds descending from the Sky;
 While *Juno* sat all-blooming by his Side,
 With Charms like those which for the Apple vy'd;
 Next, gayly-dancing, Hand in Hand there came,
 The Vine-crown'd Youth, and Laughter-loving
 Dame;

Nor absent was the Trident-bearing God,
 In Coral Chariot o'er the Waves he rode,
 Bad the fierce Whirlwinds in their Caverns sleep,
 And Calmness smile upon the glassy Deep;
 Last came, prepar'd the Bridal Joys to tell,
 Each green-rob'd Nereïd with her chorded Shell:
 A Band of heav'nly Virtues, far more bright
 Than fabled Gods, to grace this Pair delight;
Faith, pure-ey'd Nymph in snow-white Robes ar-
 ray'd,
 Meek *Modesty* of every Eye afraid;
Honour with manly Front erect, appears,
Hymen, an ever-blazing Torch who bears,
 And *Love* great God of Raptures—not the Boy
 Who blindly wont to favour guilty Joy,

But

But who presiding o'er chaste Marriage-Hours,
 All the soft Luxury of Fondness pours,
 While no harsh Jars the mutual Bliss controul,
 But Wish meets Wish, and Soul cements to Soul.
 Hail, happy Pair! may ne'er your Pleasures cease,
 May heart-felt Passion with your Years increase!

Go, trifling Wits, insipidly deride
 The constant Husband, and the tender Bride;
 Rail at the real Bliss ye never knew,
 Grow impotent and rotten in a Stew.



THE
SONG of JUDITH,

Paraphras'd from the APOCRYPHA.

BEGIN the Song! to God the Timbrels strike,
Tune a new Psalm, and let *Jehovah's* Name
Dreadfully glorious, from the Chorus burst
In full harmonious Majesty of Praise!

The Warrior's Prowess, and the Battle's Rage
God breaks and withers; his almighty Arm,
Shield, of the Righteous, in black Midnight's Shade,
In Safety led me thro' surrounding Hosts.

Assyria from the North her People pour'd
Lords of the rugged Mountains; Armies fraught
With

With Thousands and ten Thousands, as they pass'd,
Hid the high Hills, and stopt the Torrent-Floods.

Where are the Boasts of Vengeance, Spoils, and
Deaths!

What-time they long'd to see my blooming Fields,
Smoak under Volumes of the fiercest Flames
In sad Illumination ; and to tear

The wondering Infant from the Mother's Breast

Hush'd into soft Repose, and on the Stones

Dash pitiless: in vain they wish'd to tread

On mangled Youths, from the fond Husband's Side

Snatch the young Bride, and mad with lawless Lust

To make the violated Virgin shriek:

For lo! th' almighty Lord in Glory thron'd,

Girded with Strength, hath shewn his matchless Pow'r,

And

And deign'd to send a weak Vicegerent forth,
 To crush their Insolence. No youthful Host,
 Or towering *Titan's* Sons, with brawny Arms,
 And Strength unquell'd, no Giant-Warrior strode
 To the rough Combat, but a tender Maid
 The soft-ey'd *Judith*, with her beauteous Form
 O'ercame the rugged Hero, nor could Rage
 Unmelted stand the Lightning of her Eye!

'Twas then unmindful of her private Grief,
 When *Israel* mourn'd, the Widow's sable Garb
 She cast away, and with the choicest Oils
 Her Limbs anointed, call'd forth every Smile,
 And every latent Grace, in Order bound
 The braided Ringlets of her golden Hair,
 Deckt in the brightest Robe her Form, and shone

In all the Charms of Nature and of Art.

How did the captivated Hero gaze

At every matchless Feature, gaz'd and figh'd

By Turns, and own'd that all his Soul was Love!

That Instant in her Hands the Faulchion grasp'd

The female Warriour, and vigorous Stroke

Sever'd the haughty Satrap's Head. The *Mede*

At this astonied stood, the *Persian* Bands

In fearful Wonder ask; What God unseen

Such Pow'r bestow'd, and steel'd a Woman's Heart.

Not so revenging *Israel*—ev'ry Child

Of Sorrow starts into unusual Shouts

Of Joy and Gratulation. *Assur* bears

The fearful Tidings thro' his weeping Camp,

And trembles: But victorious *Israel* cries,

"Pursue, Pursue!"—The Lord in Battle strong

Nerv'd

Nerv'd every Arm, and urg'd the vigorous Host,
 Till sudden Death o'ertook the *Painim* Bands
 Discomfited and fal'n, and all the Plains
 Float with Effusions of *Affyrian* Blood.

Hence will I praise my God! high-thron'd in
 Heav'n,

Invincible in Strength and Pow'r; who said,
 Let all Things be,—and all Things were.—Whose
 Touch

The Mountains and the Waters fly; whose Breath
 Melts the hard Rock like Wax! yet ev'n this God
 So great and glorious, deigns to bend his Ear,
 To listen to the meek Man's Pray'r, and joins
 Mercy with Terror, Tendernefs with Pow'r.

What

What Off'rings can we pay to such a God,
 What Incense can ascend to Heav'n, or Lamb
 Be worthily accepted! yet an Heart
 Pure and unspotted will the Lord receive
 Well-pleas'd, and wrap it in eternal Peace.

But Wo! to those who meditating Wrongs
 And Violence to *Israel*, slay her Sons
 Or spoil her Lands: *Jehovah's* Self shall come
 At the last vengeful Judgment, and shall say
 Before his dread Tribunal—Hence to Hell
 Ye Grinders of my People, there to feel
 Th' undying Worm, to mourn, to tofs, to yell,
 Roll'd in a Deluge of sulphureous Flame!

A

P A R A P H R A S E

On the 65th PSALM.

TO Thee, *Jehovah*, grateful *Sion* sings,
And with thy Praise thy holy City rings;

To Thee, from Heav'n O pitifully bow,
Mankind prefers an universal Vow!

The Snares of Sin against my Soul prevail,
A contrite Spirit let thy Mercy heal!

Blest is the spotless Man who dwells with Thee,
The Treasures of thy Temple shall he see,
Be wrapt in Bliss, and in thy own Abode,
Enjoy the fullest Glories of his God.

What Wonders shall the Lord of Sabaoth shew,
The great Salvation of the World below!

Who

Who with his Strength the Lands in Safety keeps,
 And all that see his Wonders in the Deeps,
 Fast the Foundations of the Mountains joins,
 And girds about with Pow'r his mighty Loins!
 He speaks—the Tumults of the People cease—
 He nods—the raging Ocean sinks to Peace—
 Thy Tokens dart Amazement to the Soul,
 And all the Nations fear from Pole to Pole!
 Thee with a fiercer or a fainter Ray,
 The Morn and Evening praise, the Night and Day!—

GOD from his copious Rivers Plenty pours,
 Cloaths the luxuriant Earth with balmy Flow'rs,
 Bathes in soft genial Dews the tender Root,
 And loads the gladsome Year with golden Fruit;

K

From

From vernal Skies abundant Bounty sends,
 And luscious Fatness from his Clouds descends;
 Hence fragrant Greens the pathless Wild o'erspread,
 For Joy the little Hills exalt their Head,
 The crowded Folds with num'rous Bleats resound,
 And the full Valleys laugh and sing and shout around.



STANZAS,

STANZAS,

Imitated from PSALM CXIX.

I.

SAY, how shall thoughtless, easy-natur'd Youth,
Be pure from all the Stains their Follies give?

O let them learn the sober Law of Truth,
Know thy Rewards, and answerably live.

II.

Full of this Hope I seek thee, dearest Lord,
And lest the Foe once more my Soul should win,

Deep in my Heart I treasure up thy Word,
A constant Guard against the Charms of Sin.

III.

How am I pleas'd when Joy, and Faith, and Awe,
Strive which shall most employ my various Tongue,
That loves to dwell on All thy wond'rous Law,
Guide of my Life, and Subject of my Song!

IV.

Now Fame or Pleasure, or the wealthy East,
May tempt indeed—but never shall remove,
The lively Zeal that burns within my Breast,
Thy Name to honour, and thy Law to love.



O D E.

I.

TO tinkling Brooks, to twilight Shades,
To desert Prospects, rough and rude,
With youthful Rapture first I ran,
Enamour'd of sweet Solitude.

II.

On Beauty next I wond'ring gaz'd,
Too soon my supple Heart was caught;
An Eye, a Breast, a Lip, a Shape,
Was all I talk'd of, all I thought.

III.

Next, by the smiling Muses led,
 On *Pindus* laurell'd Top I dream,
 Talk with old Bards, and listening hear
 The Warbles of th'enchanted Stream.

IV.

Then, *Harmony* and *Picture* came
 Twin-nymphs my Sense to entertain,
 By Turns my Eye, my Ear was caught,
 With *Raphael's* Stroke and *Handel's* Strain.

V.

At last, such various Pleasures prov'd,
 All cloying, vain, unmanly found,
 Sweet for a Time as Morning-Dew,
 Yet Parents of some painful Wound;

VI.

Humbly I ask'd great *Wisdom's* Aid
To true Delight to lead my Feet;
When thus the Goddess whispering said,
" Virtue alone is Bliss compleat."



Written in a Lady's WATCH-CASE.

I.

BEauteous Machine! let Love thy Movements
guide,

Whilst envy'd thou shalt grace *Aurelia's* Side!

'Tis thine to please each Hour—a Task how great!

Which *Cupid* thus instructs thee to compleat.

II.

When the Nymph kindly mourns her Shepherd
gone,

Whirl all thy little Wheels, and urge them swiftly on:

The Nymph deceiv'd with thy officious Haste,

Shall smile to see that Time can fly so fast.

III.

But at the Swain's Return O slack thy Pace,

And slowly linger round thy figur'd Race:

I

She

She ne'er can deem too short the Shepherd's Stay,
 When, like great *Juno*, thou shalt lengthen out the
 Day.

IV.

So mayst Thou sooth her Woes, her Joys improve,
 Thy self directed by the God of Love;
 And *Beaux* and *Belles* with Wonder shall declare,
 That *Cupid* nicks with nicer Art than *Quare*.



ON A
 BEAUTY *with ill Qualities.*

I.

MISTAKEN Nature here has join'd
 A beauteous Face and ugly Mind;
 In vain the faultless Features strike,
 When Soul and Body are unlike;
 Pity, those snowy Breasts should hide,
 Deceit, and Avarice, and Pride.

II.

So in rich Jars from *China* brought,
 With glowing Colours gayly wrought,
 Oft-times the subtle Spider dwells,
 With secret Venom bloated swells,
 Weaves all his fatal Nets within,
 As unsuspected, as unseen.

A N

AMERICAN LOVE-ODE.

*Taken from the Second Volume of Montagne's
Essays.*

I.

STAY, stay, thou lovely, fearful Snake,
Nor hide thee in yon darksome Brake:

But let me oft thy Charms review,

Thy glittering Scales, and golden Hue;

From these a Chaplet shall be wove,

To grace the Youth I dearest love.

II.

Then Ages hence, when thou no more,

Shalt creep along the sunny Shore,

Thy

Thy copy'd Beauties shall be seen ;

Thy Red and Azure mix'd with Green,

In mimic Folds thou shalt display :—

Stay, lovely, fearful Adder stay.



THE
Second EPODE of *HORACE*
imitated.

HAPPY the Man who free from Cares and
Strife,

(Such was the calm primæval State of Life)

Securely ploughs his Fields and ancient Seat,

Fix'd in th' Indulgence of propitious Fate:

Him nor loud Trumpet's Clangors rouse to Arms,

Nor the fierce Deep's tempestuous Rage alarms;

He shuns the Bar, the Pride and empty State

That gilds the glittering Palace of the Great.

Now, pleasing Toil, the wanton-wreathing Vines

In soft Embraces to the Poplar joins;

To prune his barren Boughs his Hand employs;

Or distant-bleating Herds with silent Joys

His

His ravisht Eye contemplates, wand'ring wide
 On a green Valley's wood-incircled Side.
 From his prest Combs fat Streams ambrosial flow,
 While fleecy Flocks their useful Pride bestow.
 When ripe *Autumnus* blushes in the Fields,
 Crown'd with the Fruits his own Luxuriance yields,
 What Joys he feels to pluck the pendant Pear,
 Nurst with his own kind Hand's assiduous Care !
 Or purple, livid Grapes, the sweet Reward
 Of old *Sylvanus*, his gay Garden's Guard :
 Beneath yon' Oak's impenetrable Shade,
 On Mantle green of the Mosaïc Mead,
 His languid Limbs he shelters from the Heat,
 While Nightingales their luscious Lays repeat :
 And the shrill Brook in Nature's Concert flows,
 That courts and lulls the Soul to soft Repose :

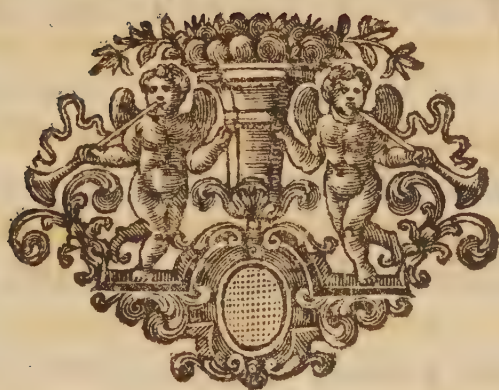
But when the Rage of Tyrant-Winter low'rs
 Big with tumultuous Winds, and frozen Show'rs,
 He rushes to the Chace with sprightly Hounds,
 While the fierce Boar his Spear impetuous Wounds;
 Or careful spreads his Net, delusive Lure,
 The greedy Thrush unheedful to secure:
 Or captivates the Crane, or timorous Hares,
 Or Engines for the Felon-Fox prepares.
 These mild Amusements calm the troubled Breast,
 Parents of Mirth and Health, Content and Rest.
 Mean while her destin'd Part the Wife employs,
 Wreath'd in th' Embraces of her blooming Boys;
 Chaste as a *Sabine*, or *Appulian* Dame;
 She wraps aspiring Piles in chearful Flame;
 With fondling Smiles receives her weary Spouse,
 For whom she spread her Feasts, and deck'd her
 House:

Then

Then milky Streams from swelling Dugs are roll'd
 That Herds afford within th' incircling Fold;
 From fragrant Casks rich Wines profusely flow,
 And with domestic Cheer an easy Feast bestow.
 Nor me the Turbott or the Scarr delight,
 Nor Oysters, fair *Lucrina's* Pride, invite,
 Whom Winter's Fury to *Italia's* Main
 Drives loudly thund'ring on the stormy Plain;
 Nor the plump Partridge, soft voluptuous Bait,
 Or Quails that swell the Banquets of the Great,
 Than turgid Olives more allure my Taste,
 Whose Boughs with fat Profusion bend oppress;
 Or loosening Mallows' salutary Juice,
 Or Sorrel sweet, that lowly Meads produce,
 Or rescued from the Wolf a play-full Lamb;
 (Tho' much I grieve to hear the plaintive Dam.)

Amidst

Amidst this Luxury, what sweet Delight
To watch the joyful Flocks Return at Night!
To see the weary Oxen's lowing Train,
Whose languid Necks th' inverted Plow sustain,
And Swains that swarm around the glossy Hearth,
In Innocence of Joy and rural Mirth.



A

PARAPHRASE

ON THE

13th ODE of the 3d BOOK of
HORACE:

Address'd to Miss Oglethorpes. 1705.

I.

WHILE *Sol* with thee, dear Fountain,
plays,

O stay and listen to thy Praise!

Then stealing soft with silver Flight,

Outshine the polish'd Crystal's beamy Light.

II.

Yon' funny Mountain's richest Wine,

Shall mix his noble Juice with thine,

Each

Each Bowl shall with those Flow'rs be crown'd
Whose Blossoms blow thy beauteous Banks around,

III.

The young Kid too that *Flavia* loves,
That harmless o'er her Grotto roves,
That Kid which her fair Fingers feed,
A spotless Victim to thy Stream shall bleed.

IV.

His budding Horns in Shoots appear,
The Promises of Love and War,
In vain! the Wanton's glowing Blood
With purple Streaks shall marble all the Flood.

V.

Thy Coolness cheers the wither'd Plain,
And *Sirius* burns the Field in vain;

When Beasts in Moans, expressive, grieve,
Thy frigid Waves the pining Herds relieve.

VI.

Lambs dance around thy bubbling Urn,
And whiter from thy Flood return,
There Birds their feathery Beauties see,
And sing and dress their painted Plumes by Thee.

VII.

Look, how this Oak, itself a Grove,
Lifts high his hundred Arms above;
How thick the tufted Moss below,
Thro' which thy prattling Waters fall and flow!

VIII.

O Nymphs, tho' I unequal sing,
Yet thus adorn'd this humble Spring,
With noblest Fountains ranks its Name,
While You reign each a Naiad of the Stream.

A

FRAGMENT *of a* SATIRE.

S H A L L effenc'd Coxcombs who from Toilettes
come,

Strut, and squeak Nonsense in the Drawing-room,

Sagacious Critics of a Knot or Fan,

Soft *Sporus's*, faint Images of Man,

All form'd of Nature's tend'rest, Porcelain Stuff,

Their snowy Fingers shelter'd by the Muff,

Heroes for Sonnets, but unfit for Fights,

Herds of emasculated *Sybarites*,

Shall painted Insects, busy buzzing Things,

In Armies rise and Favour gain from Kings?

While wounded Veterans obscurely mourn,

And S——r sees Lawrels from his Temples torn?

O courtly *Atticus*, my Warmth you blame,
 Unconscious of the glowing Patriot's Flame:
 I feel, I feel, its kindling Raptures rowl,
 From Pleasures and from Business steal my Soul,
 And while it strongly in my Bosom beats,
 No more I rove collecting classic Sweets,
 Nor warlike *Homer's* well-fought Battles warm,
 Nor Fairy Forests of wild *Spenser* charm;
 No more I weep while awful *Tragedy*
 Like *Sophocles* array'd comes stalking by,
 (Leading ill-fated *Oedipus* the Blind,
 Or the lame * Wretch in desert drear confin'd)
 Nor in mild *Maro's* Groves and Grotts rejoice,
 Nor *Doric* † Shepherd's sweetly-simple Voice,

* *Philoctetes*.† *Theocritus*.

No more convey'd by *Pindar's* rapid Song,
 I see great *Theron's* Car victorious whirl along,
 Nor crown'd with Grapes with gay *Anacreon* laid
 Beneath a Plantane praise some beauteous Maid,
 But oft resounding in my trembling Ear,
 Methinks my Country's dying Groans I hear.

Rise, Satire, rise; 'tis sinful to be mute:
 The Muse should whirl a Dart, not tune a Lute;
 Gigantic Vice, beyond huge *Tityus'* Size,
 Enormous Growth! o'er half *Britannia* lies;
 O let my Satire on its Vitals feast,
 Like the fierce Eagle on that *Tityus'* Breast!

Yet Oh! what Hero Folly can confound?
 The dull, lethargic Villain feels no Wound:

Culprits, like poisonous Adders deaf, we find :
 In *Biscay's* Bay who chides the raging Wind ?
 Such callous Hearts to no Impression yield,
 All-guarded with Corruption's seven-fold Shield ;
 Unstung by Shame, and resolute in Ill ;
 Vice is a *Python Phæbus* ne'er can kill :
 Heedless of Satire, Sin persists to reign,
 As Curfews bid us leave our Fires in vain ;
 Poets, and Setting-Dogs, one Task employs,
 Each *points* at Knaves or Birds, but ne'er *de-*
 stroys ;
 What tho' you sweat, complain, and rail, and
 write,
 The mad, luxurious Town sins on for Spite.
 Could *Boileau* to reform a Nation hope ?
 A *Sodom* can't be mended by a *Pope*.

To cleanse th' *Augëan* Stable tho' you toil,
 Still Virtue yields to * *Heidegger* and † *Hoyle*;
 Still *Britons* (Justice, Freedom, Conscience fold)
 Own the supreme Omnipotence of Gold.

* The first of these Gentlemen was the Introducer and Manager of Masquerades in this Kingdom, to the great and irreparable Depravation of *English* Morals.

† And the latter by writing upon the Game of *Whist*, in a Mathematical and Scientifical Method, (than which nothing could be more pompously absurd) extremely promoted the destructive Practice of Gaming.



Carmen Paraphrasticum in ECCLE-
SIASTICI Caput XLIII^{um}.

Dædaleam Mundi Molem quâ condidit Arte
Omnipotens, Rerumque instruxit divite cultû!

Quantus mane novâ Sol Cærcere missus Eöo

Emicat, & læti pandit per cærule Cœli

Purpureum Jubar, & pallentes discutit Umbras!

Per matutino canentia Rore Vireta

Continuò Pecudum saltat lasciva Propago,

Et liquido Volucres latè Nemora avia mulcent

Concentû, ridetque infueto Lumine Tellus.

At summâ Cœli cum Sol dominatur in Arce,
Non ultrâ videas lætari Armenta per Herbas
Arentes; Sylvæ filucre; & languidus Æstû
Antra petit viridi Pastor stillantia Musco.

Quin

Quin cum tantus Honos, cum tanta Potentia Soli
est,

Vi majore viget Deus, & graviore superbit
Numine, qui Solem posuit, jussitque perennem
Ire redire Viam per Cœli immania Templa.
Ille etiam Lunam nitidâ Face jussit obire
Nocturnas vigilem Excubias, fidamque Labores
Maluit alternos certum renovare per Orbem.
Non illâ signum Cœlo formosius alto
Suspicitur, circum pandant utcunque Cohortes,
Fulgentes Stellarum Exercitus Ordine vasto,
Et Luce effusâ cœlestia conferat Arva.

Aspice quo puras subtexit Lumine Nubes,
Obliquo stringens humentia Prata Nitore

Vespere

Vespere sub verno, centumque Coloribus ardet
 Purpureus Jovis Arcus, & amplo amplectitur Orbe
 Ætherëos Tractus, atque obsidet undique Cælum !
 Scilicet ipse Deus tanto Curvamine jussit
 Effundi, ingentique Manû per Concava flexit.

Quis potis est dignum pollenti Pectore Carmen
 Condere pro Rerum Majestate, hisque peractis ?
 Quisve valet Verbis tantùm ut laudare *Jehovam*
 Pro Meritis tentet ? — Quis Cœlorum intima vidit
 Quà Solio radiante nitet Deus ? infinitum
 Pingere quî posset Numen Sermonis Egestas
 Humani, mortalis Citharæque infracta Loquela ?

[157]

A

RUNICODE:

Taken from the

Second Volume of Sir William Temple's
MISCELLANIES.

ARGUMENT.

Regner Ladbrog, *a King of one of the Northern Nations, being mortally stung by a Viper, before the Venom had reach'd his Vitals, broke out into the following Verses.*

I.

YES—'tis decreed my Sword no more
Shall smoke and blush with hostile Gore;

To my great Father's Feasts I go,
Where luscious Wines for ever flow,

Which

Which from the hollow Sculls we drain,
Of Kings in furious Combat slain.

II.

Death, to the Brave a blest Resort,
Brings us to awful *Odin's* Court ;
Where with old Warriors mix'd we dwell,
Recount our Wounds, our Triumphs tell ;
Me, will they own as bold a Guest,
As e'er in Battle bar'd my Breast.



Another,

Another, on the same SUBJECT.

AT length appears the wish'd-for Night,
 When my glad Soul shall take her Flight;
 Tremble my Limbs, my Eye-balls start,
 The Venom's busy at my Heart.
 Hark! how the solemn * Sisters call,
 And point aloft to *Odin's* Hall!
 I come, I come, prepare full Bowls,
 Fit Banquet for heroic Souls:
 What's Life?—I scorn this idle Breath,
 I smile in the Embrace of Death!

* Call'd by the *Goths*, *Dysæ*.



VERA

VERA FELICITAS.

QUA frondens Ilex annosâ amplexitur Umbrâ
Congestum Culmen Cespite, Pastor agit.

Non illum Populi Fasces, non Purpura tangit,

Non Regum cæco Vulnere torquet Honos:

Mane novâ properat per Campos Rore vigentes,

Et clausas alacri Voce revisit Oves:

Mox æstum vitat sub Ramis Arboris altæ,

Quâ viridem pandit roscida Ripa Torum.

Pocula sunt liquidi Fontes, Lymphæque salubres,

Inque levi instruitur Gramine prompta Dapes.

Nunc vacuum argutâ solatur Arundine Mentem,

Nunc Musco in molli Membra Sopore levat:

Donec

Donec oves tandem constructa ad Ovilia sparsas

Cogere, tranquilli Vesperis Hora monet.

Jamque aures vario permulsus Murmure, læto

Corde, humilem repetit nota per Arva Larem :

Hunc Opibus ditet Fortuna benignior amplis,

Maluerit solitæ Limina fida Casæ.



O D E
T O
S L E E P.

I.

O Gentle, feather-footed *Sleep*,
In drowsy Dews my Temples steep ;
Softly waving o'er my Head,
Thy Care-beguiling Rod of Lead :
O leave thy Bed of balmy Flow'rs,
And waken all thy dewy Pow'rs,
And wafted on the silent Wing,
The Dreams, thy little People bring !

II.

II.

Let fobbing Grief, and midnight Feast,
Comus, and loudly-laughing *Fest*,
 Never near my Couch appear,
 Nor whistling Whirlwinds wound my Ear,
 In Heav'n's avenging Anger sent,
 To shake the shatter'd Battlement,
 From whence the melancholy Owl,
 To wake the Wolf is wont to howl:

III.

But whispering Show'rs from off the Eaves,
 Softly dripping on the Leaves,
 Mix'd with the mildly-stirring Wind,
 Shall woo to rest my weary Mind;

Now *Silence* o'er the midnight Ground,
 Slowly walks his solemn Round,
 In Mead or Forest, Dale or Hill,
 Commanding Nature to be still.

IV.

Kind *Somnus*, from the lofty Dome
 To my low Cottage deign to come,
 Leave murd'rous Tyrants' filken Beds,
 No Poppies pour on guilty Heads,
 While wailing Ghosts their Slumbers break,
 That round their trembling Curtains shriek,
 While Thoughts of many a Wretch oppress,
 With Terror tear the troubled Breast.

V.

Cramm'd with distressful Bread, the Hind
 With weary Limbs and vacant Mind,

By

By buzzing Night-Flies husht, requires
 No lulling Sounds from *Lydian* Lyres;
 Rock'd on the high and giddy Mast,
 Regardless of the wint'ry Blast,
 How happy the wet Sea-boy lies,
 While sweetest Slumbers seal his Eyes.

VI.

Such Joys the virtuous Bosom crown,
 While Kings and Statesmen tofs on Down:
Somnus, to me such Joys impart,
 Balm of hurt Minds, O sooth my Heart:
 Lapt in the Folds of soft Repose,
 We lose our Labours, Pangs, and Woes;
 Thy opiate Influence we bless,
 Parent of Forgetfulness!

VII.

Place me, kind God, in lively Dream,
 Near smooth *Ilissus*' winding Stream,
 In Olive-shade, with ravisht Ear,
 While *Plato*'s Voice I seem to hear:
 Or from the green, *Athenian* Mead
 To the high *Roman* Forum lead,
 Where *Tully*'s Tongue with Force divine
 Confounds pale, trembling *Catiline*.



T O

Mr. *A D D I S O N*,

*Occasioned by his Return from Ha-
nover with the Lord Halifax.*

Written 1706.

O For a Muse of Fire and lofty Style,
To hail Thee welcome to thy native Soil!

Just Art is to my infant Muse unknown,

Let then the Subject for the Verse attone.

Int'rest, that fickle Weathercock of State,

As Party prompts extorts or Praise or Hate;

True, Sterling Merit Prejudice outweighs,

Unblemisht Worth claims universal Praise;

M 4

Your

Your Favourite's just Encomium you may boast,
 Since Factions strive who shall applaud you most.

Amaz'd we see your finish'd Lines impart,
 At once the Hero's and the Poet's Art:
 How nervous ev'ry Line, and yet how sweet!
 Th' harmonious Whole how ev'ry where compleat!
 Tho' bold, correct and polish'd is thy Song,
 Sublime, yet easy; elegant, yet strong:
 The beauteous Graces searcht all Nature round,
 At length accomplish'd *Addison* they found;
 There happy in a proper Mansion rest,
 And make a Temple of his tuneful Breast.
 Methinks I see great *Philip's* greater Son,
 And hear him with *Achilles'* Fate his own;

With

With Envy he admires th' immortal Man,
 And Emulation boils in ev'ry Vein;
 Happy (says He) who such high Praise receiv'd,
 And eterniz'd in sacred *Homer* liv'd.

But happier *Marlbrô*, when fierce Winters come,
 And *Anna* calls her conquering Hero home;
 Finds here your Muse his matchless Acts rehearse,
 While *Danube* choakt with Dead o'erflows the mighty
 Verse;

He more than sees what you so warmly write,
 And gladly thinks himself again in Fight;
 Again his Sword, imperial Gift, unsheaths,
 And dauntless all around distributes Deaths,
 With secret Pleasure vanquishes again,
 A second *Blenheim* boasts, a more compleat Campaign.

Nor is great *Addison* confin'd to War,
 His copious Muse makes softer Themes his Care;
 By Him describ'd our Bards distinguisht shine,
 In Him alone their mingled Talents join.

When *Ovid's* moving Muse his Verse inspires,
 Himself has what in *Dryden* he admires;
 In all so just, so easy too in all,
 That Art and Nature mutually prevail:
 Your Style, Souls, Thoughts, and Numbers so
 agree,
 You're his Interpreter no more, but He.

How can we *Maro's* labouring Bees forget,
 Each happy Word is as their Honey sweet!

Your

Your Course unwearied you our *Phæbus* run,
 And Oh like Him retire, and leave us oft alone!
 We mourn your Absence, when We read in You,
 What All admire, what's follow'd but by Few,
 And by None equal'd—but thy *Montague* !
 With him *Germania's* wondering States you see,
 The blest *Achates* of his Embassy.
Hesperian Fields have once enjoy'd you too,
 That much to *Virgil* owe, but more to You:
 Thus *Homer* travel'd, thus where-e'er he came,
 Contending Cities ow'd to Him their Fame;
 As you his Art, you may their Strife revive,
 And for your Birth more than seven Cities strive.

O leave no more, great Man, thy native Land,
 Thy *Rhedycina's* Tears her Son demand ;

Oft I frequent the *Cherwell's* winding Stream,
 Make That my *Helicon*, and You my Theme.
 How pleas'd I seek the solemn Shades alone,
 And say, Here sung harmonious *Addison*:
 Beneath this Oak in Summer-noons has stood,
 Lay on this Bank attentive to the Flood.
 As the fond Nymph soon finds by conscious Flame,
 The wounded Tree that bears her Lover's Name,
 So Bards by Instinct led, frequent this Scene,
 Nor barely know, but feel where you have been.

Monarch of Poets! while such Bliss I boast,
 My Muse is in tumultuous Rapture lost:
 Transported with a Patriot-Poet's Worth,
 But Language fails to give th' Ideas Birth.

From

*From the Thirteenth ODE of the
Second BOOK of HORACE.*

P*roserpine's* Empire glimmer'd o'er my Sight,
And dim *Elyzium* shed a faint Delight;

Where *Sappho's* blest! who warbling plaintive Strains,
Melodious of her Country-Maids complains;

Alcæus too, who sings of Flight and War,

Whose swelling Lyre to deeper Rage would dare;

In sacred Silence chain'd, the Ghosts around,

Astonisht stare, and hang upon the Sound;

Of Kings depos'd the Throngs rejoice to hear,

And list'ning drink the Warblings in their Ear;

What Wonder? since the triple-headed Beast,

Starting—lops down his Ears; and lull'd to Rest,

Erinnys' Serpents sleep upon her Breast.

Nor

Nor now the wonted Chase *Orion* heeds,
Nor now beneath his Hand the Lion bleeds,
The Sorrow-soothing Sounds *Prometheus* please,
And *Tantalus* delude, and soften into Ease.



V E R S E S

LEFT ON

A Lady's TOILETTE.

WHY will young *Flavia*, all-accomplisht
Fair,

Curl, powder, stick with Gems her jetty Hair?

Swell with a Hoop her painted Peacock-Tail,

Big as a vaulted Dome, or bellying Sail?

Why twinkle Diamonds on that snowy Breast,

Why are those faultless Limbs in Velvets drest?

Let *Bestia* patch and trick her out with Art,

In Crape or Cotton Beauty strikes the Heart:

What if too Gold adorn the artless Frame,

A *Titian's* glowing Tints are still the same;

Rich

Rich Spice ne'er loses its Perfumes or Sweets,
 Tho' wrapt in dull *Lauraster's* Birthday Sheets:
 Arts that embellish Life none discommend,
 If duly check'd to no Excess they tend:
 The Peer should differ from gross, unbred Swain,
 Gay, but not glittering; polite, but plain.
 Thus *Raphael* joins Simplicity with Grace,
 Beauteous, not glaring is each Limb and Face,
 While artless Dawbers think they gain the Prize,
 Who tire with Gems and Silks the dazled Eyes.



T H E
G L U T T O N.

FAT, pamper'd *Porus*, eating for Renown,
 In Soups and Sauces melts his Manors down;
 Regardless of his Heirs, with mortgag'd Lands,
 Buys Hecatombs of Fish and Ortolans;
 True Judge of Merit, most disdainful looks
 On Chiefs and Patriots when compar'd to Cooks;
 With what Delight Pigs whipt to Death he crams,
 Or fatten'd Frogs, or Essences of Hams;
 For fifty thousand Tongues of Peacocks sighs,
 Mix'd with the Brains of Birds of Paradise;
 Loud ring the Glasses, powder'd Footmen run,
 He eats, drinks, surfeits, still eats, is undone!

N

Sees

Sees the swoln Glutton in terrific State,
 Behind his Chair what dire Diseases wait?
 There tottering *Gout*, and white-tongu'd *Fever* stand,
 Big *Dropfy*, with full Goblets in his Hand,
Asthma thick-panting for short Gasps of Breath,
 And *Apoplexy*, fiercest Friend of Death.
 Sweeter the lonely Hermit's simple Food,
 Who in lone Caves, or near the rushy Flood,
 With eager Appetite, at early Hours,
 From maple Dish salubrious Herbs devours:
 Soft drowfy Dews at Eve his Temples steep,
 And happy Dreams attend his easy Sleep:
 Wak'd by the Thrush to neighbouring Vales he goes,
 To mark how sucks the Bee, how blooms the Rose;
 What latent Juice the trodden Herbage yields,
 Wild Nature's Phyfic in the flowery Fields.

With

With Temperance sooth'd each solitary Day,
Free, innocent, and easy, steals away,
Till Age down-bends him to the friendly Grave,
No Fashion's Dupe, no powerful Passion's Slave.



O D E
T O
T A S T E.

L E A V E not *Britannia's* Isle; since *Pope* is
fled

To meet his *Homer* in *Elysian* Bowers,

What Bard shall dare resume

His various-sounding Harp?

Let not resistless Dulness o'er us spread

Deep *Gothic* Night; for lo! the Fiend appears,

To blast each blooming Bay

That decks our barren Shores.

Say

Say beauteous Queen of Life-refining Arts,

Who went to visit oft at midnight Hour

Sweet *Virgil's* laurell'd Tomb

On *Naples'* fertile Shore:

Say where thy Dwelling is? or on the Banks

Of smooth *Ilissus*, sage-inspiring Stream,

Where *Plato* thought of old,

And hoar *Musæus* walk'd!

Still dost thou tread the sacred Ground where once

Thy Votaries, or strung the golden Lyre,

Or taught the moral Song.

Of sweet Philosophy?

Or in some ruin'd Temple dost thou dwell

Of ancient *Rome*, deserted of the World,

Where prostrate lies in Dust

The shapely Column's Height;

Where thou may'st still behold with raptur'd Eye

The beauteous Arts of fair Antiquity

That still can charm the Mind,

Tho' smote by Time's rough Hand.

When Man a Savage wander'd in the Woods

(As hoar Tradition tells) in ancient Days,

Wont from the laden Oak

To shake his barb'rous Food;

Thy Pow'r reduc'd him from his native Wilds

And to the soft Civilities of Life

Subdu'd his stubborn Heart;

And taught to raise the Dome

Well-archit, to string the Lyre, the breathing Bust

To form, and guide the Pencil, Heav'n-born Arts

That harmonize the Mind,

And fit for social Joys.

Thee

Thee once thou fairest Daughter of the Muse
 The *Goth* stern-looking bound in cruel Chains,
 And gor'd with many a Wound
 Thy bleeding Bosom fair,
 When pouring o'er *Italia's* tempting Plains
 With Hand profane thy Temples he deform'd,
 And all thy beauteous Domes
 Hurl'd wildly to the Ground!



S T A N Z A S

ON THE

P S A L M S.

I.

NOT the Songs that nobly tell,
How *Troy* was sackt, and *Rome* began,
Not the Numbers that reveal
The Wars of Heav'n to falling Man;

II.

Can boast that true celestial Fire,
That equal Strength and Ease,
Or with such various Charms conspire,
To move, to teach, to please.

III.

III.

Those Complaints how sadly sweet,
Which weeping Seraphim repeat ;
Those Prayers how happily preferr'd,
Which God himself inspir'd and heard.

IV.

Ye partial Wits no longer boast
Of *Pindar's* Fire in *David's* lost !
Who to the *Hebrew* Harp must yield,
As *Jove* by great *Jehovah* is excell'd.



A V A R O,
A T A L E.

FAST by the *Trent* (whose Gods this Fable
 tell)

A Knight in cooly Shades chose once to dwell ;
 Secure, in what his prosp'rous Vices gain'd,
 Each Morn he vaunting view'd his Length of Land,
 His Hills of silver Chalk, his Vales of golden Sand. }
 As on a Time, he lost his early Hounds
 Far from the Musick of the choral Sounds ;
 Sudden he views some Shepherd's straw-built Cell,
 Rich in a Barn, a Hen-roost, and a Well ;
 Then eye's the Swain, as to his Flock he calls,
 And whistling lures 'em from their hurdl'd Walls ;

Obedient

Obedient to the Tune they trot along
 And careful single out their plaintive Young;
 With shorter Trips these bound upon the Plain,
 Start at the Knight—but play around their Swain.
 Their Swain observ'd how free they liv'd from Want,
 And wish'd himself from them could learn Content:
 In vain: a thousand Cares promote his Grief,
 So, (hailing first the Knight) he ask'd Relief:
 In vain; the Knight (tho' hail'd) refus'd to grant,
 And thought no Swain would condescend to want;
 Then told how well the rural Life was known,
 The rural Life preferring to his own;
 How oft himself would range a-down the Hill,
 And snuff the new-built Hay-cocks strawb'ry Smell,
 Well pleas'd to hear their Jests the drolling Rusticks
 tell,

Nor

Nor less would 'tend the Weanlings, when they play,
 And how himself was once the King of *May*;
 Then when the Swain but beg'd his present Aid,
 Left Ills unseen his wint'ry Age invade,
 Courage! (said he) like Stars like Fate assign,
 Thy Life shall still from Want be free as mine.

Unweeting Knight! he mourns his flying Bliss:
 All as *Polycrates* his Fate was his!
 For Heav'n averse rebuk'd such boastful Pride,
 And where he once the lowly Swain deny'd,
 Himself (alas the while!) begs now to be supply'd!
 So hard another's Want will win Belief!
 So Pride foretels we ne'er can need Relief!

CUPID

CUPID acquitted, A T A L E.

WHenever *Jove* renews Mankind,
He makes *A Will* for ev'ry Mind.

This Gift is *different* in *Most*,

But *seldom* is by Any *lost*.

Some Folks—(now let who can deny it)

Give all they have to gratify it:

Some, to subdue, divide their Wills,

Like Rivers cut in little Rills,

That lessen to a shallow Maze,

And feebly run a Hundred Ways:

The Wizard thus, (in Days of Yore)

That thought to lay th' *Infernal Pow'r*,

I

In

In Pieces broke his Magic Switch,
But found A Devil rose from Each.

Yet Some a Better Course pursue.—

—But to my *Tale*;—Mufe! What fay You?

Why, *That* is plain, and fhort, and new.

Some Years ago One *Astrophil*
Was born and fitted with A *Will*;
No Matter Who he was, or What,
A Will He had;—I'm fure of *That*:
About that Time fair *Stella* too
(GODS!—Who does not fair *Stella* know?)
Was form'd The Wonder of Her Kind,
And had *Her proper Will* assign'd.
Their Wills were ftamp't fo like (fays Fame)
That Both were only Not the Same:

These help'd the *Poets* in their Trade,
 POPE's Similies by These were made;
 Hence too his Rhimes for ever hit,
 Made (by These *Wills*) exactly fit.
 In short, for Virtues, or for Follies,
 These Wills were *Pairs*, or *Twins*, or *Tallies*.

Well! *Hymen*— (as you guess, no doubt,
 And you guess right) —soon found 'em out,
 And bound 'em fast, like two chain'd Books,
 And, ever and anon was peeping,
 To see if 'Time impair'd their Looks,
 Or, if They alter'd, in *His* keeping.
 They alter'd Not. But *Love*, one Day,
 Convey'd (it seems) *One Will* away;
 And *Which* was *That*?—Nay!—Who can say?

For

For *Love* Himself, with All his Art,
 Could *not* tell Whose was Whose a-part.
 Now *Hymen*, you must think, complain'd,
 That, “ Tho’ *Himself* *Both* *Wills* had chain’d,
 “ Yet One—Ah! *Only One* remain’d!—
 “ That *Stella* now, or *Astro-phil*,
 “ Might come upon him for their *Will*:
 “ That, therefore *Jove* the Cause should hear,
 “ And pray’d,” That *Cupid* might appear.

HE Did: And roundly took his Oath
 That *Jove* made—but *One Will* for *Both*.
 His strange Surprise He then declar’d,
 “ ’Twas Hard, He needs must say, ’twas hard,
 “ That HE should be involv’d in Strife,]
 “ HE seldom troubl’d *Man* and *Wife*.

“ And

“ And—What *in this* Case He might do—

“ *They* ne’er would blame him for’t he knew ;

“ And—Why then, *Hymen*? Why should You?

“ Still; you shall never have your Ends,

“ For *This Dear Couple* were my *Friends* !”

With That—He turns to *Swain* and *Spouse*,

And smiles, and leers, and sooths, and vows,

“ For *His* Part HE would serve ’em still,”

Then asks ’em (with A *Courtier*’s Skill)

“ If ever *Either* miss’d *their Will*?”

So, ’Tis *Their* Business Now to speak,

And pray—What Answer shall They make?



THREE
EPIGRAMS

Translated from the Greek.

ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following Pieces are a Pattern of the Simplicity so much admir'd in the *Grecian* Writings, so foreign to the present prevailing Taste, to the Love of Modern Witticism, and *Italian* Conceit.

On a CAVE.

From the Greek of Anyta, a Lesbian Poetess.

COME, Traveller, this hollow Rock beneath,
While in the Leaves refreshing Breezes breath;
Retire, to calm the Rage of burning Thirst,
In these cool Streams that from the Cavern burst.

An

An Offering to P A N.

From Theocritus.

DAPHNIS the Fair, that with the *Doric*
Strains

Of his sweet Pipe could charm the listening Swains,
These Emblems of his Office and his Art,
To PAN presents, a Crook and barbed Dart,
A Stag's rough Hide, and with this Pastoral Pipe,
That bore his rustic Food, a Leathern Scrip.



To DAPHNIS sleeping.

From Theocritus.

WHILE you, my DAPHNIS, on the leafy
Bed,

To Slumber sweet recline your weary Head,

While on each Hill is plac'd the frequent Net,

Thee wanton PAN pursues with eager Feet :

With him SYLVANUS, crown'd with Ivy pale,

Thy cooling Cavern seeks o'er Hill and Dale.

O fly ; prevent their rude resistless Hands,

And burst ambrosial Slumber's magic Bands.

A

PASTORAL

On the Death of BION.

From the Greek of MOSCHUS.

YE Vales, and *Doric* Floods, or Fount, or Rill,
Lament with me the much lov'd *Bion* dead ;

Ye Forests pour your Complaints, ye Flourets mourn ;

Utter, ye Hyacinths, the baleful Words

That on your velvet Bells inscrib'd are seen ;

Be clad, ye Roses, in sad Purple's Robe ;

Dead is the Pride of Swains, and rural Song.

Begin, *Sicilian* Muse, the plaintive Lay.

Ye Poplar-shrouded Nightingales that oft

In midnight Hour complain, the dreary Tale

To listening *Arethusa's* Waves prolong,
 And that with him each *Doric* Muse is fled.
 Begin, &c.

Ye Swans that warble sweet on *Strymon's* Bank
 Come, steep in bitter Tears your sorrowing Song,
 And tell in Notes like his th' *Ægrian* Maids,
 And *Bacchus' Nymphs* that haunt *Bistonian* Hills,
 That *Doria's* Vales their *Orpheus* dear have lost !
 Begin, &c.

No more the lovely Shepherd sooths his Herd
 With soft-voic'd Flute, beneath some ample Oak
 At Ease reclin'd : But in black *Pluto's* Bow'r
 Pours forth to grisly Ghosts *Lethæan* Lays,
 While here above each Mountain silent stands,

And

And his deserted Herds in Mutt'rings hoarse,
And fullen Lowings moan, nor deign to feed.

Begin, &c.

Thy cruel Fate, dear Swain, *Apollo* wept,
Thee too *Priapus* Sable-mantled mourn'd;
And *Pan* furrounded with his Satyr-train
Sigh'd fore, nor joy'd to lead the merry Dance;
Wept the mild *Naiads* in their coral Caves;
Nor Echo more from her far-winding Grot
Is heard to sing, since now no more thy Verse,
And wonted tuneful Notes she can prolong.

Begin, &c.

At thy sad Death the sympathizing Trees,
Dropt their half-ripen'd Fruits, and fading Flowers,

Hung down their blasted Blooms; the pining
Flocks

Refus'd the milky Stream, nor more the Bee
With Thyme enrich'd his Nectar-streaming Cell.
Begin, &c.

The Dolphin ne'er upon the sunny Shore
Made such deep Complaints, or in the rocky Wilds
Did *Philomel* e'er tune so sad a Dirge,
Nor Mountain-loving Swallow such sad Notes
Was heard to pour, or with such heart-felt Woe
Ceyx deplor'd her dead *Halcyone*,
Nor *Cerylas* in the *Cærulean* Deep
Sorrow'd so deep, or in th' *Eöan* Vale
The Bird of *Memnon*, fair *Aurora's* Son,

As when they wept their best-lov'd *Bion's* Fate.

Begin, &c.

Ye Nightingales, and Swallows swift, that oft
Have heard delighted his heart-thrilling Lays,
Whom seated in your leafy Groves he wont
To teach sweet Notes, responsive now repeat
The Voice of Woe, re-echoing thro' the Vale,
Join too ye Doves your sadly-pleasing Lays.

Begin, &c.

Who now, for ever dear, will tune thy Pipe?
Who to their Lip apply thy sacred Reed
Advent'rous? But to *Pan* the precious Gift
I'll bear, nor haply will he dare inspire
Thy Reed, lest thee superior he should prove.

Begin, &c.

Thy

Thy Loss the green-hair'd *Galathëa* mourns,
 Who lov'd with thee upon the sea-beat Shore,
 To sit enraptur'd with thy magic Verse.
 For sweeter far than *Polypheme's* thy Lay
 Flow'd thro' her Ear; she fled the Cyclop-swain;
 But ever to thy Song she hasten'd swift,
 With dimply Cheek, and Looks of fond Desire.
 No more she now regards old *Nereus'* Bow'r,
 But on the bare Sand sits, and tends thy Flock.

Begin, &c.

With thee the Muse's choicest Joys are fled,
 No more the Virgin's luscious Kifs delights;
 Quench'd is the Lamp of Love, and at thy Tomb
 The weeping *Cupids* sprinkle freshest Flow'rs;
 To *Venus* wert thou sweeter, gentlest Swain,
 Than

Than the last Kiss which on the clay-cold Lip
Of her *Adonis* dead the Goddess prest.

Come, *Meles*, hither turn thy sedge-crown'd Head,
Renew thy wonted Voice of baleful Woe;
That erst around thy sadden'd Banks was heard,
And echoing fill'd blue *Neptune's* distant Shores;
When cruel Fate thy first-born *Homer* snatch'd,
Whose Mouth *Calliope* with Nectar dew'd.

But now thy second Son demands thy Grief;
Each lov'd two fav'rite Founts. To *Homer* dear
Was *Pindus'* springing Well, while *Bion* drank
The Waves of *Arethuse*. This sung the Charms
Of beauteous *Helen*, strife-exciting Fair,
And the dire Wrath of *Thetis'* sea-born Son;
While This neglected War's resounding Trump;
Well cou'd he sing the woodland Wanderer *Pan*;

Skill'd

Skill'd was his Hand to form the rustic Flute ;
 Nor seldom would he milk the shaggy Goat,
 Or Heifer breathing Sweets. Meantime he sung
 How soft the Kifs of tender-blooming Boys ;
 While in his Bosom *Cupid* wont to sleep,
 And *Venus* joy'd to hear his Lays divine.

Begin, &c.

Each towred City, *Bion*, thee deplores,
 More heart-felt Complaints o'er *Ascra's* Hills resound
 Than when Her *Hesiod* died. *Bæotia's* Shades
 Forget their *Pindar*, and the *Lesbian* Streets
Alcæus dead, and all thy Death lament
 In sympathizing Grief ; while *Paros* deigns
 With louder Woe to greet thy cypress'd Hearsè,
 Than when *Archilochus'* sweet Tongue was stopt

By cruel Fate; and *Mytilene* forgets

Her beauteous *Sappho's* wonted Lays for thine.

* * * * * *Quædam defunt.*

In *Teios' soft Anacreon* bears the Palm,

Theocritus in *Syracuse* is fam'd,

My mournful Muse delights *Ausonian* Swains,

Nor to the *Sylvan* Lay disdains to stoop ;

Which eager from thy tuneful Mouth she caught,

Oft raptur'd with the Sound. The shining Stores

Let others, narrow-soul'd possess, while I

Thy Lays inherit, and thy *Doric* Art.

Begin, &c.

Tho' nipt by Winter's Blast the Mallow fades,

And twining Parsley, Pride of Gardens, feels

Th' untimely Frost ; yet each with Verdure fresh

Renew

Renew their Bloom, and with the Spring return.

But Man, tho' Strength and Wisdom stamp him

Great,

When once the beaming Lamp of Life is spent,

To Caves of Darknes, subterranean Gloom,

Immers'd, in Sleep's eternal Shackles lies

Fast bound, no more to tread the Walks of Men.

Thou too to Realms of silent Night art gone,

While here above mean Bards usurp thy Reign,

Whose Brows the Muse's Laurel never bound.

Begin, &c.

* O ruthless Hand that to thy Lips apply'd

The poisonous Cup, and baleful Draught of Death!

How cou'd the baleful Drugs approach thy Lips,

* He was poison'd.

Nor

Nor still preserve its native noxious Gall
 Unblended with the Nectar of thy Mouth?
 How could the Felon dream that mix'd the Bowl
 Escape the Magic of thy tuneful Strains?

Begin, &c.

On each the Fates adjust the Share of Pain,
 And each receives his portion'd Lot of Grief.
 O that like *Orpheus* I cou'd tread the Shades,
 Or great *Ulysses*, or brave *Hercules*,
 Then wou'd these Eyes behold th' infernal Pow'rs
 Melt at thy Song, and *Pluto*, grisly King,
 To Softness sooth'd, and murm'ring hoarse Applause.
 But chief to *Hecate* thy sweet Song address,
 And let her hear thy wonted *Doric* Songs,
 For she of Yore the Vales of *Ætna* lov'd.

Haply

Haply deceiv'd by the mellifluous Sound,
She may return thee to thy desert Seats :
I too, my Friend, if this rude Lip was skill'd
In Music's Charms, or knew to sing like thee,
Would to the Ways of darksome *Dis* descend,
And from dun Night redeem thy sacred Shade.



A

P A R A P H R A S E

On the XIIIth Chap. of ISAIAH.

HIGH on the loftiest Mountain-tops, unfurl
The Standard of Omnipotence, emblaz'd

With Pictures of Destruction: Loudly call

To Arms the starting Nations: Rouze, O Earth,

To fight my Battles, to destroy the Pride,

To crush the Head of barbarous *Babylon*.

Ye chosen Armies come! ye Instruments

Of Vengeance from remotest Regions hast!

Hark! how the Mountains eccho with the Sounds

Of trampling Hosts, of loudly-neighing Steeds,

Of bounding Chariot-wheels, that pour amain

P

Down

Down the steep Valley, like the deaf'ning Roar
 Of rushing Torrents, or the threat'ning Voice
 Of mighty Thund'rings, heard from Heav'n remote.
 Howl, thou devoted City, for the Lord
 Sends his destroying Angels forth—a God
 Becomes thy Foe, thy deep Distress shall be
 Unequal'd and supreme! thy Warriors' Hearts
 Shall melt within their Breasts, their feeble Hands
 Shall quivering drop the useless Spear and Shield.
 Astonishment, and Anguish, Sorrow, Fear,
 Shall chain their Faculties and Souls, as Pains
 Soul-piercing Pains the pregnant Mother seize.
 The dread *Jehovah* comes—before him march
Anger and Vengeance: The polluted Land
 Shall desolated mourn, and far away
 His red Right Hand shall shrieking Sinners sweep.

Then

Then shall the Stars of Heav'n, the glittering Gems
 Of awful Night's dark Robe, the pale-ey'd Moon,
 The weary Pilgrim's Friend, and the great Sun,
 Who from the crystal Portals of the East
 Walks forth with tenfold Brightness cloth'd, and
 pours

Intolerable Day, all darken'd droop.

Earth from her Orbit shall astonisht leap,
 Heav'n rock and tremble to the Throne of God.

As the chas'd Doe to pathless Thickets runs,
 Trembling at every Breeze, and thinks she hears
 The shouting Hunter, so shall *Babel* fly,
 As a stray Lamb on desert Mountains lost.

Th'avenging *Medes* unmov'd shall hear the Cries
 Of ravisht Wives and Virgins, from the Breasts
 Of shrieking Mothers snatch the sucking Babe,

Smiling in its Destroyer's Face, and dash
 Against the pointed Flints its mangled Bones.
 The Queen of Kingdoms, the *Chaldeans* Pride,
 The Glory of the Earth, great *Babel* falls,
 Like burning *Sodom* in Destruction wrapt.
 From Age to Age shall Desolation reign,
 And Solitude thro' thy deserted Streets.
 Then shall no wand'ring *Arab* pitch his Tent
 Fresh Pasture searching, nor the Shepherd drive
 His Flock at Eve beneath thy Ruins hoar
 To shelter; in thy widow'd Palaces
 Magnific mould'ring Domes, the Desert's Sons
 Wild Beasts shall lodge; the spotted Panther breed
 In thy King's Chambers, here the Ostrich cry,
 And the young Leopard sport, with Song and Dance
 And Harp, where eccho'd once thy feastful Halls.

THE
REGAL DREAM.

1715.

The ARGUMENT.

That which gave Occasion to the Regal Dream is a famous Tradition mention'd in the History of Henry VII. by which we are told, that He sent to enquire after his Successors from a celebrated Prophet or Necromancer, who for his Answer return'd him this remarkable Latin Verse:

Mars, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Leo, Nullus.

These Emblems the Author of the following Vision thought fit to alter in some measure, and to add another Line; the Whole standing thus:

Fur, Puer, Alecto, Virgo, Vulpes, Pelicanus,

Et Caper, & Cervus, brevis & Flos, dia Columba.

T WAS on the Day that *Bosworth* Field was
won,

And *Glo'ster* fell, and *Richmond* wore the Crown,

When as I sat revolving in my Mind,

The Chiefs descended from two Houses join'd,

A balmy Slumber with a sweet Surprise,

Stole soft and silent o'er my yielding Eyes;

Fancy, officious every Part to act,

Or Nature's Landscapes, or historic Fact,

A Bower had built profusely gay and bright,

With all the Beauty that can take the Sight,

Not more enchanting that *Elysian* Place

Where good *Æneas* saw the *Julian* Race,

An Area soon with mystic Signs was spread,

Diversified with Roses White and Red;

Thither

Thither a *Sybil* call'd me from the Throng
 To mark the various Figures move along:
 My awe-struck Memory never shall forget
 Their Forms, their Names, their Numbers, and their
 State.

A Robber first, with holy Plunder fraught,
 Whose less'ning Bags were Gold, were Dust, were
 Nought.

A Youth came next, who charm'd with ev'ry Grace,
 As Angels good, and O as swift his Pace.

A Fury then, with more disorder'd Haste,
 Past by, and dealt Destruction as she past.
 Her ruffled Garments dropt with Martyr's Gore,
 And in her Hand a flaming Torch she bore.

Not so the heavenly Maid who next arose,
 Admir'd by all, tho' terrible to Foes;
 Whose Aim was nobler, and whose Speed was less,
 Who rose to triumph, and who stay'd to bless;
 A Phoenix she, that peerless liv'd and dy'd,
 Nor left a Race that her great Loss supply'd.

Yet came there to fulfil her last Command,
 The wisest Animal of Nature's Hand,
 A tame, a peaceful, tho' a wily Fox,
 Who never slew, but only fleec'd the Flocks.

Soon as he earth'd a Pelican arose,
 By Friends deserted, and pursu'd by Foes;
 In Both his brave Contempt of Life was shewn,
 Who for the Good of Others gave his Own.

Here

Here all methought was Dark ! at length appear
A Goat lascivious, and a hunted Deer.

The *Sybil* paus'd—and her sage Art to prove,
Declar'd that These would different Passions move,
Our useless Pity One, and One our lasting Love.

Now rose a sweet Carnation's filken Flow'r,
Fruitless, yet fair, the Beauty of an Hour,
For poisonous *Eurus* came—its bloomy Pride,
That unexpected rose, as quickly dy'd.

Next seem'd to dart from Heaven, a spotless Dove,
Who dropt an Olive-Branch, the Type of Love ;
Then all too sudden flew amid the Spheres,
And shone a Star upon the World in Tears.

The

The Visionary Crowd that gaz'd below
 All wept in Dream, and gave a Loose to Woe;
Britannia's self abandon'd to Despair,
 Her azure Mantle tore, and sea-green Hair:
 Deep Sorrow wak'd me from th' unfinished Scene,
 Eternally to mourn a matchless Queen.



A

FAREWELL to POETRY.

*Nunc itaque & Versus & cætera Ludicra pono,
Quod Verum atque Decens curo & rogo & omnis in
hoc sum.* HOR.

Arcadian Scenes adieu! in Cyrrha's Vale

No more I wander, where with loose-rob'd

Nymphs

Pan and *Sylvanus* play'd, while on their Heads

The laughing *Hours* rain'd Roses; while to guide

Their nimble Feet great *Phæbus* came and touch'd,

His soul-bewitching Lyre: No more I sit

On murmuring *Aganippe's* mossy Brink

And wait inspiring Dreams; nor Garlands weave

Of sweet *Parnassian* Flowers for *Clio's* Head;

Nor seek the solemn Grott where *Homer* first
 Conceiv'd his mighty Scheme; from whence to catch
 One Beam swift-darted from his boundless Mind.
 My serious Soul these Woods and Walks disdains
 Where my Youth rov'd: A loftier Task demands
 My sober Hours, (that on swift Pinions hast
 To meet Eternity) to purge my Breast
 From Error's Poisons; equally to poise
 The jarring Passions; to subdue the Thirst
 Of Fame and fond Ambition; to destroy
 The bitter Seeds of Envy:—Not to smoothe
 The tuneful Cadence of a polish'd Line,
 But harmonize my Soul; whence I may hear,
 With Raptures hear, the Moral Melody,
 A peaceful Conscience yields, beyond the Strains
 Of *Attic* Harp, sweet as the Midnight Song

Of warbling Seraphs, winged Warriors bright,
 To happy, watchful Shepherds, on the Birth
 Of great Messiah!—These be now my Cares,
 To leave the Muse for Virtue; to improve
 The Heart, not deck the Head with fading Crown
 Of useless Bays; but chief my Soul to steel
 With adamantinè Honour, to withstand
 Corruption's Tides, while courtly Millions run
 To the black Pagod of all-worship'd *Vice*
 To offer Freedom, Conscience, Body, Soul:
 To be tho' single, constant; and to feel
 The Bliss of Independence;—these are Toils
 Worthy a Man and *Briton*.—Who can search
 For tinkling Rhymes, when frowning *Virtue* points
 To swift-wing'd Time?—At Close of Evening cool
 What hasty Pilgrim, who long, pathless Wilds

Must traverse e'er black Night descend, would stop
And sit beneath the branching Beech to hear
The sweet Songs of thick-warbling *Philomel*,
Tho' ev'ry moving Trill be steep'd in Tears.



O D E

ON THE

DEATH *of the* AUTHOR.

By a L A D Y.

I.

A CCEPT, O sacred Shade, this artless Verse,
And kindly, O ye mourning Friends, for-
bear,

To dear disdaining from his decent Herse,

All I can give except the tender Tear:

He must not lie in his cold Grave, among

Poor shrieking Ghosts, unprais'd, unwept, unsung.

II.

II.

Ah! where was I when fiercely-frowning Death,
 With brandisht Dart stood at still Midnight nigh,
 Why came I not to catch thy dying Breath,
 And close with trembling Hand thy languid Eye?
 And on my sad Breast lay thy drooping Head,
 And bath with Tears thy Hand so cold and dead?

III.

Thee do I view in yonder flying Cloud,
 Or do I hear thee in the hollow Wind,
 Or dost thou still sleep in thy sable Shroud,
 Where the dread Judgment-Trumpet Thee shall
 find:
 O till that Day, ye pitying Angels come,
 Shield with your Wings, and sing around his Tomb.

IV.

IV.

But if advanc'd to Heav'n's empyreal Height,

Above with glorious martyr'd Saints to live,

'Midst heav'nly Hymns, and Harps, and Visions
bright,

And all the Joys a smiling God can give ;

O be my watchful Guardian Angel still,

Save me from slavish Vice, from Folly, and from Ill.

J. W.



Q

O D E

O D E
ON THE
DEATH *of the* AUTHOR.

N O more of Mirth and rural Joys,
The gay Description quickly cloy,
In melting Numbers, sadly flow,
I tune my alter'd Strings to Woe;
Attend, *Melpomene*, and with thee bring
Thy tragic Lute, *Euphranor's* Death to sing.

Fond wilt thou be his Name to praise,
For oft' thou heard'st his skilful Lays;
Isis for him soft Tears has shed,
She plac'd her Ivy on his Head;

Chose him, strict Judge, to rule with steady Reins,
The vigorous Fancies of her listening Swains.

With Genius, Wit, and Science blest,
Unshaken Honour arm'd his Breast,
Bade him, with virtuous Courage wise,
Malignant *Fortune's* Darts despise;
Him, ev'n black *Envy's* venom'd Tongues commend,
As Scholar, Pastor, Husband, Father, Friend.

For ever sacred, ever dear,
O much-lov'd Shade accept this Tear;
Each Night indulging pious Woe,
Fresh Roses on thy Tomb I strew,
And wish for tender *Spenser's* moving Verse,
Warbled in broken Sobs o'er *Sydney's* Hearse;

Let

Let me to that deep Cave resort,
 Where *Sorrow* keeps her silent Court,
 For ever wringing her pale Hands,
 While dumb *Misfortune* near her stands,
 With downcast Eyes the *Cares* around her wait,
 And *Pity* sobbing sits before the Gate.

Thus stretch'd upon his Grave I sung,
 When strait my Ears with Murmur rung,
 A distant, deaf, and hollow Sound
 Was heard in solemn Whispers round —
 “ Enough, dear Youth!—tho’ wrapt in Bliss above,
 “ Well-pleas’d I listen to thy Lays of Love.”

JOS. WARTON.

F I N I S.

Errors of the Press.

PAGE 15. Line 7. *for* stedfast Thought, *read* solemn Thought. P.
 41. l. 1. *f.* twisting, *r.* bursting. P. 54. l. 8. *f.* & Vatem, *r.* ad Vatem.
 Ibid. l. 11. *f.* novus, *r.* novas. P. 55. l. 8. *f.* fructæ, *r.* fractæ. P.
 56. l. 4. *f.* Libertus, *r.* Libertas. P. 81. l. 1. *f.* then, *r.* there.

✧ *THIS Play is, agreeable to Act of
Parliament, entered in the Hall Book
of the Company of Stationers, and who-
ever presumes to print it will be prosecuted.
— The Proprietors will reward any one
who will give Information of such Pro-
ceeding.*

FALSE DELICACY:

A

COMEDY;

AS IT IS PERFORMED AT THE

THEATRE-ROYAL

IN

DRURY-LANE.

BY HIS MAJESTY'S SERVANTS.

By HUGH KELLY.

The FOURTH EDITION.

L O N D O N,

P R I N T E D F O R

R. BALDWIN, No: 47, PATER-NOSTER-ROW;

W. JOHNSTON, No. 16, and G. KEARSLY,

No. 1, in LUDGATE-STREET.

MDCC LXVIII.

207/1111111 1531

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T O

DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Dear SIR,

I HAVE two motives for inscribing this piece to you, gratitude and vanity; gratitude, because it's success has been greatly owing to your judicious advice; and vanity, because I wish to acquaint the world that such a character as Mr. Garrick, has been warmly the friend of his sincerely affectionate,

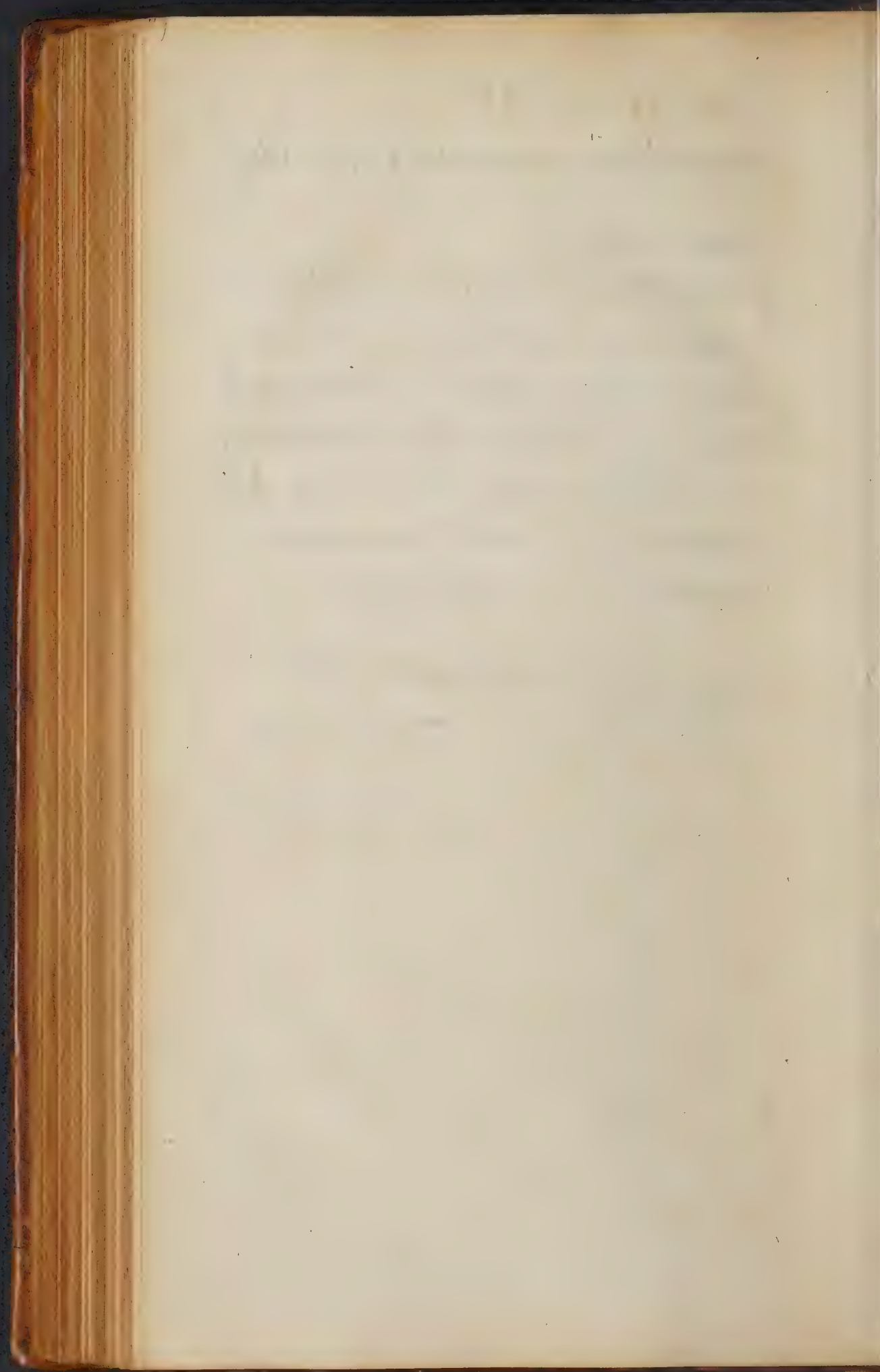
And very much obliged,

Middle Temple,

Jan. 29, 1768.

Humble Servant,

HUGH KELLY.



PROLOGUE,

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq. *

Spoken by Mr. KING.

I'm vex'd—quite vex'd—and you'll be vex'd—that's worse;
To deal with stubborn scribblers! there's the curse!

Write moral plays—the blockhead!—why, good people,
You'll soon expect this house to wear a steeple!

For our fine piece, to let you into facts,

Is quite a Sermon,—only preach'd in Acts.

You'll scarce believe me, 'till the proof appears,

But even I, Tom Fool, must shed some tears:

Do, Ladies, look upon me—nay, no simp'ring—

Think you this face was ever made for whim'ring?

Can I, a cambrick handkerchief display,—

Thump my unfeeling breast, and roar away?

Why this is comical, perhaps he'll say—

Resolving this strange awkward bard to pump,

I ask'd him what he meant?—He somewhat plump,

New purs'd his belly, and his lips thus biting,

I must keep up the dignity of writing!

You may, but, if you do, Sir, I must tell ye,

You'll not keep up that dignity of belly;

Still he preach'd on.—“Bards of a former age

Held up abandon'd pictures on the stage,

Spread out their wit, with facinating art,

And catch'd the fancy, to corrupt the heart;

But happy change!—in these more moral days,

You cannot sport with virtue, even in plays;

On virtue's side, his pen the poet draws,

And boldly asks a hearing for his cause.”

Thus did he prance, and swell.—The man may prate,

And feed these whimsies in his addle pate,

That you'll protect his muse, because she's good,

A virgin, and so chaste!—O Lud! O Lud!

No muse the Critic Beadle's lash escapes,

Though virtuous, if a dowdy, and a trapes:

If his come forth, a decent likely Lass,

You'll speak her fair, and grant the proper pass;

Or should his brain be turn'd with wild pretences;

In three hours time, you'll bring him to his senses;

And well you may, when in your power you get him,

In that short space, you blister, bleed, and sweat him.

Among the Turks, indeed, he'd run no danger,

They sacred hold a madman, and a stranger.

* Mr. Kelly originally intended the prologue to be grave, and accordingly wrote a serious one himself; but as Mr. King was to speak it, Mr. Garrick, with great propriety, thought a piece of humour would be best suited to the talents of that excellent actor, and therefore very kindly took the trouble of putting it into a form so entirely different from the first, that it cannot, with the least justice, be attributed to any other author.

Dramatis Personæ.

<i>Colonel Rivers.</i>	Mr. HOLLAND.
<i>Cecil,</i>	Mr. KING.
<i>Sir Harry Newburg,</i>	Mr. J. PALMER.
<i>Lord Winworth,</i>	Mr. REDDISH.
<i>Sidney,</i>	Mr. CAUTHERLY.
<i>Footmen,</i>	Mr. Wright, &c.
<i>Lady Betty Lambton,</i>	Mrs. ABINGTON.
<i>Miss Marchmont,</i>	Mrs. BADDELEY.
<i>Miss Rivers,</i>	Mrs. JEFFERIES.
<i>Mrs. Harley,</i>	Mrs. DANCER.
<i>Sally,</i>	Miss Reynolds.

SCENE, *Richmond.*

TIME, *The Time of Representation.*

FALSE DELICACY.

ACT I. SCENE I.

An Apartment at Lady BETTY LAMBTON's.

Enter SIDNEY and WINWORTH.

SIDNEY.

STILL I can't help thinking but Lady Betty Lambton's refusal was infinitely more the result of an extraordinary delicacy, than the want of affection for your Lordship.

WINWORTH.

O, my dear cousin, you are very much mistaken; I am not one of those coxcombs who imagine a woman does'nt know her own mind, or who, because they are treated with civility by a lady who has rejected their addresses, suppose she is secretly debating in their favour: Lady Betty is a woman of sense, and must consequently despise coquetry or affectation.

SIDNEY.

Why she always speaks of you with the greatest respect.

B

WINWORTH.

2 FALSE DELICACY:

WINWORTH.

Respect! — Why she always speaks of you with the greatest respect; does it therefore follow that she loves you? No, Charles — I have, for some time you know, ceas'd to trouble Lady Betty with my solicitations, and I see myself honour'd with her friendship, though I hav'nt been so happy as to merit her heart; for this reason, I have no doubt of her assistance on the present occasion, and, I am certain, I shall please her by making my addresses to Miss Marchmont.

SIDNEY.

Miss Marchmont is, indeed, a very deserving young woman.

WINWORTH.

Next to Lady Betty I never saw one so form'd to my wishes; besides, during the whole period of my fruitless attendance, she seem'd so interest'd for my success, and express'd so hearty a concern for my disappointment, that I have consider'd her with an eye of more than common friendship ever since. — But what's the matter with you, Charles, you seem to have something upon your spirits?

SIDNEY.

Indeed, my Lord, you are mistaken, I am only attentive.

WINWORTH.

O, is that all! — This very day I purpose to request Lady Betty's interest with Miss Marchmont, for unhappily circumstanc'd as she is, with regard to fortune, she possesses an uncommon share of delicacy, and may possibly think herself
insulted

A C O M E D Y. 3

insulted by the offer of a rejected heart: — Lady Betty in that case will save her the pain of a supposed disrespect, and me the mortification of a new repulse. But I beg your pardon, Charles, I am forgetting the cause of friendship, and shall now step up stairs to Colonel Rivers about your affair. — Ah, Sidney, you have no difficulties to obstruct the completion of your wishes, and a few days must make you one of the happiest men in England. [Exit.]

SIDNEY. [looking after him.]

A few days make me one of the happiest men in England; — a likely matter, truly! little does he know how passionately I admire the very woman to whom he is immediately going with an offer of his person and fortune. — The marriage with Miss Rivers I see is unavoidable, and I am almost pleased that I never obtained any encouragement from Miss Marchmont, as I should now be reduc'd to the painful alternative, either of giving up my own hopes, or of opposing the happiness of such a friend.

Enter Mrs. HARLEY and Miss MARCHMONT.

Mrs. HARLEY.

O here, my dear girl, is the sweet swain in *propria persona*: — Only mind what a funeral sermon-face the creature has, notwithstanding the agreeable prospects before him. — Well, of all things in the world, defend me, I say, from a sober husband!

SIDNEY.

You are extremely welcome, Mrs. Harley, to divert yourself —

4 FALSE DELICACY:

Mrs. HARLEY.

He speaks too in as melancholy a tone as a passing bell:—Lord, lord, what can Colonel Rivers see in the wretch to think of him for a son-in-law.—Only look, Miss Marchmont, at this love-exciting countenance;—Observe the Cupids that ambush in these eyes;—These lips, to be sure, are fraught with the honey of Hybla:—Go, you lifeless devil you,—go, try to get a little animation into this unfortunate face of yours.

SIDNEY.

Upon my word my face is very much oblig'd to you.

Miss MARCHMONT.

You are a mad creature, my dear, and yet I envy your spirits prodigiously.

Mrs. HARLEY.

And so you ought.—But for all that you and Lady Betty are unaccountably fond of those half-foul'd fellows, who are as mechanically regular as so many pieces of clock-work, and never strike above once an hour upon a new observation—who are so sentimental, and so dull—so wise, and so drowsy.—Why I thought Lady Betty had already a sufficient quantity of lead in her family, without taking in this lump to increase the weight of it.

Miss MARCHMONT.

What can she possibly mean, Mr. Sidney.

SIDNEY.

'Tis impossible to guess, Madam. The lively widow will still have her laugh, without sparing any body.

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why surely, my dear, you can't forget the counter part of poor dismal here, that elaborate piece of dignified dulness, Lady Betty's cousin, Lord Hectic; who, through downright fondness, is continually plaguing his poor wife, and rendering her the most miserable woman in the world, from an extraordinary desire of promoting her happiness.

Miss MARCHMONT.

And is'nt there a great deal to say in extenuation of an error which proceeds from a principle of real affection?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Affection! ridiculous! but you shall have an instance of this wonderful affection: — T'other day I din'd at his house, and, though the weather was intollerably warm, the table was laid in a close room, with a fire large enough to roast an ox for a country corporation.

SIDNEY.

Well, and so —

Mrs. HARLEY.

In a great chair, near the fire side, sat poor Lady Hectic, wrapp'd up in as many fur cloaks as would baffle the severity of a winter in Siberia: — On my entrance I express'd a proper concern for her illness, and ask'd the nature of her complaint. — She told me she complain'd of nothing but the weight of her dress, and the intollerable heat of the apartment; adding, that she had been caught in a little shower the preceding

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ceding evening, which terrified Lord Hectic out of his wits; and so for fear she might run the chance of a slight cold, he exposed her to the hazard of absolute suffocation.

SIDNEY.

Upon my word, Miss Marchmont, she has a pretty manner of turning things.

MISS MARCHMONT.

Really I think so.

MRS. HARLEY.

Well — unable to bear either the tyranny of this preposterous fondness any longer, or the intolerable heat of his room, I made my escape the moment the cloth was removed; and shan't be surpris'd, if, before the conclusion of the summer, he is brought before his peers, for having murdered his poor lady out of downright affection.

SIDNEY.

A very uncommon death, Mrs. Harley, among people of quality.

Enter a FOOTMAN.

FOOTMAN *to* SIDNEY.

Lord Winworth, Sir, desires the favour of your company above: The person is come with the writings from the Temple—

SIDNEY.

I'll wait upon him immediately.

Mrs.

A C O M E D Y. 7

Mrs. HARLEY.

Ay, pray do, you are the fittest company in the world for each other. — If Colonel Rivers was of my mind, he'd turn you instantly adrift, and listen to the overtures of Sir Harry Newburg.

SIDNEY.

I really believe you have a fancy to me yourself, you're so constantly abusing me. [Exit.]

Mrs. HARLEY.

I, you odious creature!

Miss MARCHMONT.

Now you mention Sir Harry, my dear, is'nt it rather extraordinary for him to think of Miss Rivers, when he knows of the engagements between her and Mr. Sidney — especially as her father has such an objection to the wildness of his character.

Mrs. HARLEY.

What you are still at your sober reflections, I see, and are for scrutinizing into the morals of a lover. — The women truly would have a fine time of it, if they were never to be married till they found men of unexceptionable characters.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Nay, I don't want to lessen Sir Harry's merit in the least, — he has his good qualities as well as his faults, — and is no way destitute of understanding; — but still his understanding is a fashionable one, and pleads the knowledge of every thing right to justify the practice of many things not strictly warrantable.

Mrs.

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Mrs. HARLEY.

Why I never heard any thing to his prejudice, but some fashionable liberties which he has taken with the ladies.

Miss MARCHMONT.

And, in the name of wonder, what wou'd you desire to hear?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Come, come; Hortensia, we women are unaccountable creatures, the greatest number of us by much love a fellow for having a little modish wildness about him; and if we are such fools as to be captivated with the vices of the men, we ought to be punished for the depravity of our sentiments.

Enter RIVERS and Lady BETTY.

RIVERS.

I tell you, sister, they can read the parchments very well without our assistance — and I have been so fatigu'd with looking over papers all the morning, that I am heartily sick of your indent ures witnessing, your forasmuch's, likewise's, also's, moreover's and notwithstanding's, and I must take a turn in the garden to recover myself. [*Exit.*]

Lady BETTY.

Nay, I only spoke, because I imagin'd our being present would be more agreeable to Lord Winworth. — But I wonder Sir Harry does'nt come, he promised to be here by ten, and I want to see his cousin Cecil mightily.

Miss

A C O M E D Y. 9

Miss MARCHMONT.

What, Lady Betty, does Mr. Cecil come with him here this morning?

Lady BETTY.

He does, my dear — he arrived at Sir Harry's last night, and I want to see if his late journey to France has any way improved the elegance of his appearance. *[ironically.]*

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, I shall be glad to see him too; for, notwithstanding his disregard of dress, and freedom of manner — there is a something right in him that pleases me prodigiously.

Miss MARCHMONT.

A something right, Mrs. Harley! — he is one of the worthiest creatures in the world.

Lady BETTY.

O, Hortensia, he ought to be a favourite of yours, for I don't know any body who possesses a higher place in his good opinion.

Miss MARCHMONT.

'Twould be odd, indeed, if he was'nt a favourite of mine — he was my father's best friend; — gave him a considerable living you know, and, when he died, would have provided very kindly for me, if your generosity, Lady Betty, had'nt render'd his goodness wholly unnecessary.

Lady BETTY.

Poh! Poh! no more of this.

Mrs. HARLEY.

I wish there was a possibility of making him dress like a gentleman — But I am glad he comes
C with

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with Sir Harry ; — for though they have a great regard for each other, they are continually wrangling, and form a contrast which is often extremely diverting —

Enter a Footman.

Sir Harry Newburg and Mr. Cecil, Madam.

Lady BETTY.

O, here they are! Shew them in. [*Exit Footm.*

Mrs. HARLEY.

Now for it!

Miss MARCHMONT.

Hush, they are here.

Sir HARRY.

Ladies your most obedient. —

CECIL.

Ah, Girls! — give me a kiss each of you instantly. — Lady Betty, I am heartily glad to see you: — I have a budget full of compliments for you, from several of your friends at Paris —

Lady BETTY.

Did you meet any of them at Paris?

CECIL.

I did, — and, what was worse, I met them in every town I passed through; — but the English are a great commercial nation, you know, and their fools, like their broad cloths, are exported in large quantities to all parts of Europe.

Sir

A C O M E D Y. II

Sir HARRY.

What? and they found you a fool so much above the market price, that they have returned you upon the hands of your country? — Here, ladies, is a head for you, piping hot from Paris.

CECIL.

And here, ladies, is a head for you, like the Alps.

Sir HARRY.

Like the Alps, ladies! How do you make that out?

CECIL.

Why it's always white, and always barren; 'tis constantly covered with snow, but never produces any thing profitable.

Mrs. HARLEY.

O say no more upon that head, I beseech you.

Lady BETTY.

Indeed, Sir Harry, I think they're too hard upon you.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why, I think so too — especially my friend Cecil, who, with that unfortunate shock of hair, has no great right to be consider'd as a standard for dress in this country.

CECIL.

Ah, widow, there are many heads in this country with much more extraordinary things upon them than my unfortunate shock of hair, as you call it: — what do you think of these wings, for instance, that cover the ears of my cousin Mercury?

C 2

Sir

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Sir HARRY.

Death ! don't spoil my hair.

CECIL.

You see this fellow is so tortur'd upon the wheel of fashion, that a single touch immediately throws him into agonies ; — now, my dress is as easy as it's simple, and five minutes —

Sir HARRY.

With the help of your five fingers equips you at any time for the drawing-room, — ha ! ha ! ha !

CECIL.

And isn't it better than being five hours under the paws of your hair-dresser ?

Lady BETTY.

But custom, Mr. Cecil ! —

CECIL.

Men of sense have nothing to do with custom ; and 'tis more their business to set wise examples than to follow foolish ones.

Mrs. HARLEY.

But don't you think the world will be apt to laugh a little, Mr. Cecil ?

CECIL.

I can't help the want of understanding among mankind.

Sir HARRY.

The blockhead thinks there's nothing due to the general opinion of one's country.

CECIL.

And none but blockheads, like you, would mind the foolish opinions of any country.

Lady

Lady BETTY.

Well! Mr. Cecil must take his own way, I think — so come along, ladies, — let us go into the garden, and send my brother to Sir Harry to settle the business about Theodora.

CECIL.

Theodora! — what a charming name for the romance of a circulating library. — I wonder, Lady Betty, your brother wou'd'nt call his girl Deborah, after her grandmother —?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Deborah! — O I should hate such an old fashion'd name abominably —

CECIL.

And I hate this new fashion of calling our children by pompous appellations. — By and by we shan't have a Ralph or a Roger, a Bridget or an Alice, remaining in the kingdom. — The dregs of the people have adopted this unaccountable custom; and a fellow who keeps a little ale-house at the bottom of my avenue in the country, has no less than an Augustus-Frederick, a Scipio Africanus, and a Matilda-Wilhelmina-Leonora, in his family.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Upon my word, a very pretty string of christian names.

Lady BETTY.

Well, Sir Harry, you and Mr. Cecil dine with us. — Come, ladies, let us go to the garden.

Mrs. HARLEY.

I positively won't go without Mr. Cecil, for I must have somebody to laugh at.

CECIL.

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CECIL.

And so must I, widow, therefore I won't lose this opportunity of being in your company.

[*Exeunt ladies, and followed by CECIL, who meets RIVERS entering.*]

CECIL.

Ah, Colonel, I am heartily glad to see you. —

RIVERS.

My dear Cecil, you are welcome home again.

CECIL.

There's my wife kinsman wants a word with you. [Exit.]

Sir HARRY.

Colonel, your most obedient : — I am come upon the old business ; — for unless I am allow'd to entertain hope of Miss Rivers, I shall be the most miserable of human beings.

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I have already told you by letter, and I now tell you personally, I cannot listen to your proposals.

Sir HARRY.

No, Sir ?

RIVERS.

No, Sir, — I have promised my daughter to Mr. Sidney ; — do you know that, Sir ?

Sir HARRY.

I do ; — but what then ? Engagements of this kind, you know —

RIVERS.

So then, you do know I have promised her to Mr. Sidney ?

Sir

Sir HARRY.

I do; — but I also know, that matters are not finally settled between Mr. Sidney and you; and I moreover know, that his fortune is by no means equal to mine, therefore —

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, let me ask you one question before you make your consequence.

Sir HARRY.

A thousand if you please, Sir.

RIVERS.

Why then, Sir, let me ask you, what you have ever observed in me, or my conduct, that you desire me so familiarly to break my word: — I thought, Sir, you considered me as a man of honour.

Sir HARRY.

And so I do, Sir, a man of the nicest honour.

RIVERS.

And yet, Sir, you ask me to violate the sanctity of my word — and tell me, indirectly, that it is my interest to be a rascal —

Sir HARRY.

I really don't understand you, Colonel: — I thought, when I was talking to you, I was talking to a man who knew the world — and as you have not yet signed —

RIVERS.

Why, this is mending matters with a witness! — And so you think, because I am not legally bound, I am under no necessity of keeping my word! — Sir Harry, laws were never made for men of honour; — they want no bond but the rectitude

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rectitude of their own sentiments, and laws are of no use but to bind the villains of society.

Sir HARRY.

Well ! but my dear Colonel, if you have no regard for me, shew some little regard for your daughter.

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I shew the greatest regard for my daughter by giving her to a man of honour ; — and I must not be insulted with any farther repetition of your proposals.

Sir HARRY.

Insult you, Colonel ! — is the offer of my alliance an insult ? — is my readiness to make what settlements you think proper —

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I should consider the offer of a kingdom an insult, if it was to be purchased by the violation of my word : — Besides, though my daughter shall never go a beggar to the arms of her husband, I wou'd rather see her happy than rich ; and if she has enough to provide handsomely for a young family, and something to spare for the exigencies of a worthy friend, I shall think her as affluent as if she was mistress of Mexico.

Sir HARRY.

Well, Colonel, I have done ; — but I believe —

RIVERS.

Well, Sir Harry, and as our conference is done, we will, if you please, retire to the ladies : — I shall be always glad of your acquaintance, though I can't receive you as a son-in-law, — for a union of interest I look upon as a union of dishonour ; and consider a marriage for money, at best, but a legal prostitution.

[*Exeunt.*]

End of the first Act.

ACT

A C T II.

SCENE *a Garden.*

Enter Lady BETTY, and Mrs. HARLEY.

Mrs. HARLEY.

LORD, Lord, my dear you're enough to drive one out of one's wits. — I tell you, again and again, he's as much yours as ever; and was I in your situation, he shou'd be my husband to-morrow morning.

Lady BETTY.

Dear Emmy, you mistake the matter strangely. — Lord Winworth is no common man, nor wou'd he have continu'd his silence so long upon his favourite subject, if he had the least inclination to renew his addresses. — His pride has justly taken the alarm at my insensibility, and he will not, I am satisfied, run the hazard of another refusal.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why then, in the name of wonder, if he was so dear to you, cou'd you prodigally trifle with your own happiness, and repeatedly refuse him?

Lady BETTY.

I have repeatedly told you, because I was a fool, Emmy. — 'Till he withdrew his addresses, I knew not how much I esteemed him; my unhappiness in my first marriage, you know, made me resolve against another. — And you are also sensible I have frequently argu'd, that a woman of real delicacy shou'd never admit a second impression on her heart.

D

Mrs.

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Mrs. HARLEY.

Yes, and I always thought you argu'd very foolishly. — I am sure I ought to know, for I have been twice married; — and though I lov'd my first husband very sincerely, there was not a woman in England who cou'd have made the second a better wife. — Nay, for that matter, if another was to offer himself to-morrow, I am not altogether certain that I should refuse listening —

Lady BETTY.

You are a strange creature.

Mrs. HARLEY.

And are'nt you a much stranger, in declining to follow your own inclinations, when you cou'd have consulted them so highly, to the credit of your good sense, and the satisfaction of your whole family. — But it is'nt yet too late; and if you will be advis'd by me, every thing shall end as happily as you can wish.

Lady BETTY.

Well, let me hear your advice.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why this, then: — My Lord, you know, has requested that you wou'd indulge him with half an hour's private conversation some time this morning.

Lady BETTY.

Well!

Mrs. HARLEY.

This is a liberty he has'nt taken these three months — and he must design something by it; — now as he can design nothing but to renew his addresses, I wou'd advise you to take him

him at the very first word, for fear your delicacy, if it has time to consider, shou'd again shew you the strange impropriety of second marriages.

Lady BETTY.

But suppose this should not be his business with me?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why then we'll go another way to work: — I, as a sanguine friend of my Lord's, can give him a distant hint of matters, exacting, at the same time, a promise of the most inviolable secrecy; and assuring him you wou'd never forgive me, if you had the least idea of my having acquainted him with so important a —

Lady BETTY.

And so you wou'd have me —

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why not? — This is the very step I shou'd take myself, if I was in your situation.

Lady BETTY.

May be so! — But it's a step which I shall never take. — What! wou'd you have me lost to all feeling? Wou'd you have me meanly make use of chambermaid artifices for a husband?

Mrs. HARLEY.

I would only have you happy, my dear: — And where the man of one's heart is at stake I don't think we ought to stand so rigidly upon trifles. —

Lady BETTY.

Trifles, Emmy! do you call the laws of delicacy trifles. — She that violates these —

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Mrs. HARLEY.

Poh! poh! she that violates: — What a work there is with you sentimental folks. — Why, don't I tell you that my Lord shall never know any thing of your concern in the design?

Lady BETTY.

But sha'nt I know it myself, Emmy! — and how can I escape the justice of my own reflections!

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, thank heav'n, my sentiments are not sufficiently refin'd to make me unhappy.

Lady BETTY.

I can't change my sentiments, my dear Emmy, — nor wou'd I, if I cou'd: — Of this, however, be certain, that unless I have Lord Winworth without courting him, I shall never have him at all. — But be silent to all the world upon this matter, I conjure you; — particularly to Miss Marchmont: for she has been so strenuous an advocate for my Lord, that the concealment of it from her might give her some doubts of my friendship; and I shou'd be continually uneasy for fear my reserve shou'd be consider'd as an indirect insult upon her circumstances.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, the devil take this delicacy; I don't know any thing it does besides making people miserable: — And yet some how, foolish as it is, one can't help liking it. — But yonder I see Sir Harry and Mr. Cecil.

Lady BETTY.

Let us withdraw then, my dear; they may detain us; and, 'till this interview is over, I shall
be

A C O M E D Y. 21

be in a continual agitation; yet I am strangely apprehensive of a disappointment, Emmy — and if — [going]

Mrs. HARLEY.

Lady Betty.

Lady BETTY.

What do you say?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Do you still think there is any thing extremely preposterous in second marriages?

Lady BETTY.

You are intolerably provoking. — [Exeunt.]

Enter CECIL and Sir HARRY.

CECIL.

Well, didn't I tell you the moment you open'd this affair to me, that the Colonel was a man of too much sense to give his daughter to a coxcomb?

Sir HARRY.

But what if I shou'd tell you, that his daughter shall be still mine, and in spite of his teeth?

CECIL.

Prithee explain, kinsman.

Sir HARRY.

Why suppose Miss Rivers should have no very strong objection to this unfortunate figure of mine?

CECIL.

Why even your vanity can't think that a young lady of her good sense can possibly be in love with you?

Sir

Sir HARRY.

What, you think that no likely circumstance I see?

CECIL.

I do really — Formerly indeed the women were fools enough to be caught by the frippery of externals, and so a fellow neither pick'd a pocket, nor put up with an affront, he was a dear toad — a sweet creature — and a wicked devil; — nay the wicked devil, was quite an angel of a man — and, like another Alexander, in proportion to the number of wretches which he made, he constantly increas'd the lustre of his reputation — 'till at last, having conquer'd all his worlds, he sat down with that celebrated ruffian, and wept because he cou'd commit no farther outrages upon society.

Sir HARRY.

O, my good moralizing cousin, you'll find yourself curiously out in your politics; and I shall convince you in a few hours, that a handsome suit on the back of a sprightly young fellow, will still do more among the women, than all your sentiment and slovenliness. —

CECIL.

What, wou'd you persuade me that Miss Rivers will go off with you —?

Sir HARRY.

You have hit the mark for once in your life, my sweet temper'd moulder of morality — The dear Theodora —

CECIL.

The dear Theodora! and so, Harry, you imagine, that by the common maxims of fashionable life,

life, you may appear to be a friend to the Colonel, at the very moment you are going to rob him of his daughter. — For shame, kinsman — for shame — have some pride if you have no virtue — and don't smile in a man's face when you want to do him the greatest of all injuries. — dont Harry —

Sir HARRY.

Cecil, I scorn a base action as much as you, or as much as any man — but I love Miss Rivers honourably. — I ask nothing from her father; and as her person is her own, she has a right to bestow it where she pleases.

CECIL.

I am answered — her person is her own — and she has a right to be miserable her own way. — I acknowledge it — and will not discover your secret to her father. —

Sir HARRY.

Discover it to her father — why sure you woud'nt think of it. — Take care Cecil — take care — I do, indeed, love you better than any man in the world — and I know you have a friendship, a cordial friendship, for me — but the happiness of my whole life is at stake, and must not be destroy'd by any of your unaccountable peculiarities.

CECIL.

Harry — you know I wou'd at any time rather promote your happiness than obstruct it. — And you also know, that if I die without children — you shall have a principal part of my fortune; — but damn it — I wish you had not us'd the mask of friendship to steal this young Lady away from her relations — 'tis hard that their good nature
must

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must be turn'd against their peace; — and hard, because her whole family treat you with regard, that you shou'd offer them the greatest insult imaginable.

Sir HARRY.

Dear Cecil, I am more to be pity'd than condemn'd in this transaction. — When I first endeavour'd to make myself agreeable to Miss Rivers, I imagin'd her family wou'd readily countenance my addresses; and when I succeeded in that endeavour, I had not time to declare myself in form, before her father enter'd into this engagement with Sidney. — The moment I heard it mention'd, I wrote to him, offering him a *carte blanche*; and this morning a repetition of my offer was treated with contempt. — I have therefore been forc'd into the measure you disapprove so much — but I hope my conduct, in the character of the son-in-law, will amply atone for any error in my behaviour as a friend.

CECIL.

Well, well, we must make the best of a bad market; — her father has no right to force her inclinations; — 'tis equally cruel and unjust; therefore you may depend upon my utmost endeavours not only to assist you in carrying her off, but in appeasing all family resentments. — For really, you are so often in the wrong, that one must stand by you a little when you are in the right; — so I shall be ready for you, kinsman.

Sir HARRY.

Why, Cecil, this is honest — this is really friendly — and you shall abuse me a whole twelvemonth without my answering a syllable —
but

but for the present I must leave you — yonder I see Miss Rivers — we have some little matters to talk of — you understand me — and now —

[Exit.]

CECIL.

For a torrent of rapture and nonsense. — What egregious puppies does this unaccountable love make of young fellows: Nay, for that matter, what egregious puppies does it not make of old ones? — *ecce signum*. — 'Tis a comfort though, that no body knows I am a puppy in this respect but myself. — Here was I fancying that all the partiality I felt for poor Hortensia Marchmont proceeded from my friendship for her father — when upon an honest examination into my own heart — I find it principally arises from my regard for herself. — I was in hopes a change of objects would have driven the baggage out of my thoughts, — and I went to France; — but I am come home with a settled resolution of asking her to marry a slovenly rascal of fifty, who is to be sure a very likely swain for a young lady to fall in love with; — but who knows — the most sensible women have sometimes strange tastes; — and yet it must be a very strange taste, that can possibly approve of my overtures. — I'll go cautiously to work however, — and solicit her as for a friend of my own age and fortune; — so that if she refuses me, which is probable enough — I shan't expose myself to her contempt. — What a ridiculous figure is an old fool sighing at the feet of a young woman. — Zounds, I wonder how the grey-headed dotards have the impudence to ask a blooming girl of twenty to throw herself away upon a moving mummy, or a walking skeleton.

[Exit.]

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The

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*The SCENE changes to an Apartment in
Lady BETTY's House.*

Enter Lady BETTY and Mrs. HARLEY.

Lady BETTY.

You can't think, Emmy, how my spirits are agitated; — I wonder what my Lord can want with me?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, well, try and collect yourself a little — he is just coming up, — I must retire. — Courage, my dear creature, this once — and the day's our own, I warrant you. *[Exit.]*

Enter WINWORTH, bowing very low.

Lady BETTY.

Here he is! — Bless me, what a flutter I am in!

WINWORTH.

Your Ladyship's most obedient.

Lady BETTY.

Won't your Lordship be seated? — He seems excessively confus'd. *[aside.]*

WINWORTH.

I have taken the liberty, Madam — How she awes me now I am alone with her! *[aside.]*

Lady BETTY.

My Lord! —

WINWORTH.

I say, Madam, I have taken the liberty to —

Lady

Lady BETTY.

I beg, my Lord, you won't consider an apology in the least —

WINWORTH.

Your Ladyship is extremely obliging — and yet I am fearful —

Lady BETTY.

I hope your Lordship will consider me as a friend, — and therefore lay aside this unnecessary ceremony.

WINWORTH.

I do consider you, Madam, as a friend; — as an inestimable friend — and I am this moment come to solicit you upon a subject of the utmost importance to my happiness.

Lady BETTY. [*aside.*]

Lord! what is he going to say?

WINWORTH.

Madam! —

Lady BETTY.

I say, my Lord, that you cannot speak to me on any subject of importance without engaging my greatest attention.

WINWORTH.

You honour me too much, Madam.

Lady BETTY.

Not in the least, my Lord — for there is not a person in the world who wishes your happiness with greater cordiality.

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WINWORTH.

You eternally oblige me, Madam — and I can now take courage to tell you, that my happiness, in a most material degree, depends upon your Ladyship.

Lady BETTY.

On me, my Lord? — Bless me!

WINWORTH.

Yes, Madam, on your Ladyship.

Lady BETTY. [*aside.*]

Mrs. Harley was right, and I shall sink with confusion.

WINWORTH.

'Tis on this business, Madam, I have taken the liberty of requesting the present interview, — and as I find your Ladyship so generously ready —

Lady BETTY.

Why, my Lord, I must confess — I say, I must acknowledge, my Lord, — that if your happiness depends upon me — I should not be very much pleas'd to see you miserable.

WINWORTH.

Your Ladyship is benignity itself; — but as I want words to express my sense of this obligation — I shall proceed at once to my request, nor trespass upon your patience by an ineffectual compliment to your generosity.

Lady BETTY.

If you please, my Lord.

WINWORTH.

Then, Madam, my request is, that I may have your consent —

Lady

Lady BETTY.

This is so sudden, my Lord! — so unexpected!

WINWORTH.

Why, Madam, it is so; — yet, if I cou'd but engage your acquiescence — I might still think of a double union on the day which makes my cousin happy —

Lady BETTY.

My Lord — I really don't know how to answer: — Does'nt your Lordship think this is rather precipitating matters?

WINWORTH.

No man, Madam, can be too speedy in promoting his happiness: — If, therefore, I might presume to hope for your concurrence — I woud'nt altogether —

Lady BETTY.

My concurrence, my Lord! — since it is so essentially necessary to your peace I cannot refuse any longer. — Your great merit will justify so immediate a compliance — and I shall stand excus'd of all. —

WINWORTH.

Then, Madam, I don't despair of the Lady's —

Lady BETTY.

My Lord?

WINWORTH.

I know your Ladyship can easily prevail upon her to overlook an immaterial punctilio, and therefore —

Lady BETTY.

The Lady, my Lord?

—WINWORTH.

WINWORTH.

Yes, Madam, Miss Marchmont; if she finds my addressee supported by your Ladyship, will, in all probability, be easily induc'd to receive them, — and then, your Ladyship knows —

Lady BETTY.

Miss Marchmont! my Lord!

WINWORTH.

Yes, Madam, Miss Marchmont. — Since your final disapprobation of those hopes which I was once presumptuous enough to entertain of calling your Ladyship mine, the anguish of a rejected passion has render'd me inconceivably wretched, and I see no way of mitigating the severity of my situation, but in the esteem of this amiable woman, who knows how tenderly I have been attach'd to you, and whose goodness will induce her, I am well convinc'd, to alleviate, as much as possible, the greatness of my disappointment.

Lady BETTY.

Your Lordship is undoubtedly right in your opinion — and I am infinitely concern'd to have been the involuntary cause of uneasiness to you; — but Miss Marchmont, my Lord — she will merit your utmost —

WINWORTH.

I know she will, Madam — and it rejoices me to see you so highly pleas'd with my intention.

Lady BETTY.

O, I am quite delighted with it!

WINWORTH.

I knew I should please you by it. —

Lady

Lady BETTY.

You can't imagine how you have pleas'd me !

WINWORTH.

How noble is this goodness ! — Then, Madam, I may expect your Ladyship will be my advocate ? — The injustice which fortune has done Miss Marchmont's merit, obliges me to act with a double degree of circumspection ; — for, when virtue is unhappily plung'd into difficulties, 'tis entitled to an additional share of veneration.

Lady BETTY. [*aside.*]

How has my folly undone me !

WINWORTH.

I will not trespass any longer upon your Ladyship's leisure, than just to observe, that though I have solicited your friendship on this occasion, I must, nevertheless, beg you will not be too much my friend. — I know Miss Marchmont would make any sacrifice to oblige you ; — and if her gratitude should appear in the least concern'd, — This is a nice point, my dear Lady Betty, and I must not wound the peace of any person's bosom, to recover the tranquility of my own. [*Exit.*]

Enter Mrs. HARLEY, who speaks.

Well, my dear, is it all over ?

Lady BETTY.

It is all over indeed, Emmy.

Mrs. HARLEY.

But why that sorrowful tone — and melancholy countenance ? Must'nt I wish you joy ?

Lady

32 FALSE DELICACY:

Lady BETTY.

O, I am the most miserable woman in the world! — Would you believe it? — The business of this interview was to request my interest in his favour with Miss Marchmont.

Mrs. HARLEY.

With Miss Marchmont! — Then there is not one atom of sincere affection in the universe.

Lady BETTY.

As to that, I have reason to think his sentiments for me are as tender as ever.

Mrs. HARLEY.

He gives you a pretty proof of his tenderness, truly, when he asks your assistance to marry another woman.

Lady BETTY.

Had you but seen his confusion, —

Mrs. HARLEY.

He might well be confus'd, when, after courting you these three years, he cou'd think of another, and that too at the very moment in which you were ready to oblige him.

Lady BETTY.

There has been a sort of fatality in the affair — and I am punish'd but too justly: — The woman that wants candour, where she is address'd by a man of merit, wants a very essential virtue, and she who can delight in the anxiety of a worthy mind, is little to be pitied when she feels the sharpest stings of anxiety in her own.

Mrs. HARLEY,

But what do you intend to do with regard to this extraordinary request of Lord Winworth; — will you really suffer him to marry Miss Marchmont?

Lady

Lady BETTY.

Why, what can I do? If it was improper for me, before I knew any thing of his design in regard to Miss Marchmont, to insinuate the least desire of hearing him again on the subject of his heart, 'tis doubly improper now, when I see he has turn'd his thoughts on another woman, and when this woman, besides, is one of my most valuable friends.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, courage, Lady Betty — we are'nt yet in a desperate situation — Miss Marchmont loves you — as herself — and woud'nt, I dare say, accept the first man in the world, if it gave you the least uneasiness. — I'll go to her; therefore, this very moment — tell her at once how the case is — and my life for it, her obligations to you —

Lady BETTY.

Stay, Emmy — I conjure you, stay — and, as you value my peace of mind, be for ever silent on this subject. — Miss Marchmont has no obligations to me; — since our acquaintance I have been the only person oblig'd; she has given me a power of serving the worthiest young creature in the world, and so far has laid me under the greatest obligation.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why, my dear —

Lady BETTY.

But suppose I could be mean enough to think an apartment in my house, a place in my chariot, a seat at my table, and a little annuity, in case of my decease, were obligations, when I continually enjoy such a happiness as her friendship and her company. — Do you think they are obligations which should make a woman of her fine

F

sense,

34 FALSE DELICACY:

sense, reject the most amiable man existing, especially in her circumstances, where he has the additional recommendation of an elevated rank and an affluent fortune: — This wou'd be exacting interest with a witness for trifles; and, instead of having any little merit to claim from my behaviour to her, I shou'd be the most inexorable of all usurers.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, but suppose Miss Marchmont shou'd not like my Lord?

Lady BETTY.

Not like him — why will you suppose an impossibility?

Mrs. HARLEY.

But let us suppose it for argument sake.

Lady BETTY.

Why I cannot say but it wou'd please me above all things: — For still, Emmy, I am a woman, and feel this unexpected misfortune with the keenest sensibility: — It kills me to think of his being another's, but if he must, I wou'd rather see him her's than any woman's in the universe. — But I'll talk no more upon this subject, 'till I acquaint her with his proposal; and yet, Emmy, how severe a trial must I go through.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Ay, and you most richly deserve it. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the second Act.

ACT

A C T III.

S C E N E Lady BETTY's Garden.

Sir HARRY, Miss RIVERS, and SALLY, *cross at the head of the stage*; Colonel RIVERS *observing them*.

RIVERS.

I N close conversation with Sir Harry this half hour, at the remotest part of the garden. — Why, what am I to think of all this. — Does'nt she know I have refus'd him: — Does'nt she know herself engag'd to Sidney? — There's something mean and pitiful in suspicion: — But still there is something that alarms me in this affair; and who knows how far the happiness of my child may be at stake. — Women, after all, are strange things; — they have more sense than we generally allow them — but they have also more vanity. — 'Tis'nt for want of understanding they err, — but through an insatiable love of flattery. — They know very well when they are committing a fault, but destruction wears so bewitching a form, that they rebel against the sense of their own conviction — and never trouble themselves about consequences till they are actually undone. — But here they come. — I don't like this listening: — Yet the meanness of the action must for once be justified by the necessity.

[Retires behind a clump of trees.]

Enter Miss RIVERS, Sir HARRY, and SALLY.

Miss RIVERS.

Indeed, Sir Harry, you upbraid me very unjustly. — I feel the refusal which my father has given you severely. — Nevertheless I must not consent to your proposal. — An elopement wou'd, I am sure,

36 FALSE DELICACY:

break his heart, — and as he is wholly ignorant of my partiality for you — I cannot accuse him of unkindness.

RIVERS, *behind*.

So! so! so! so!

Sir HARRY.

Why then, my dear Miss Rivers, wou'dnt you give me leave to mention the prepossession with which you honour me, to the old Gentleman?

RIVERS.

The old Gentleman —

Miss RIVERS.

Because I was in hopes my father wou'd have listen'd to your application, without putting me to the painful necessity of acknowledging my sentiments in your favour; and because I fear'd that unless the application was approv'd, on account of it's intrinsic generosity, there was nothing which cou'd possibly work upon the firmness of his temper.

RIVERS.

Well said, daughter!

SALLY.

The firmness of your father's temper, Madam! — The obstinacy you shou'd say! — Sir Harry, as I live and breathe, there is'nt so obstinate, so perverse, and so peevish an old devil in all England.

RIVERS.

Thank you, Mrs. Sally.

Miss RIVERS.

Sally, I insist that when you speak of my father, you always speak of him with respect. — 'Tis'nt your knowledge of secrets which shall justify these freedoms; — for I wou'd rather every thing

thing was discovered this minute than hear him mention'd with so impudent a familiarity by his servants.

SALLY.

Well, Madam, I beg pardon;—but you know the Colonel, where he once determines, is never to be alter'd;—so that call this steadiness of temper by what name you please—'tis likely to make you miserable, unless you embrace the present opportunity, and go off, like a woman of spirit, with the object of your affections.

RIVERS.

What a damn'd jade it is!

Sir HARRY.

Indeed, my dear Miss Rivers, Sally advises you like a true friend;—and I am satisfy'd your own good sense must secretly argue on her side the question.—The only alternative you have, is to fly and be happy—or stay and be miserable:—You have yourself acknowledg'd, my ever adorable.—

RIVERS.

O, damn your adorables!

Sir HARRY.

I say, Madam, you have yourself acknowledg'd, that there is no hope whatsoever of working upon the Colonel's tenderness, by acquainting him with our mutual affection:—On the contrary, 'tis likely, that had he the least suspicion of my being honour'd with your regard, he wou'd drag you instantly to his favourite Sidney, who is so utterly insensible of your merit,—and who, if he has a passion for any body, is, I am confident, devoted to Miss Marchmont.

RIVERS

38 FALSE DELICACY:

RIVERS.

Why what a lye has the rascal trump'd up here against poor Sidney?

Miss RIVERS.

Dear Sir Harry, what wou'd you have me do?

RIVERS.

There! — Her dear Sir Harry!

Sir HARRY.

My ever adorable Miss Rivers —

RIVERS.

No, she can't stand these ever adorables.

Sir HARRY.

This excess of filial affection is extremely amiable: — but it ought by no means to render you forgetful of what is due to yourself. — Consider, Madam, if you have been treated with tenderness, you have repaid that tenderness with duty, and have so far discharg'd this mighty obligation!

RIVERS.

A pretty method of settling accounts truly!

Miss RIVERS.

Don't, my dear Sir Harry, speak in this negligent manner of my father.

RIVERS.

Kind creature!

Sir HARRY.

From what I have urg'd you must see, Madam, that though you are so ready to sacrifice your peace for your father, he sets a greater value upon a trifling promise than upon your happiness: —

Judge,

Judge, therefore, whether his repose should be dearer to you, than your own; and judge too whether to prevent the breach of his word, you shou'd vow eternal tenderness to a man you must eternally detest, and violate even your veracity to kill the object of your love?

MISS RIVERS.

Good heav'n, what shall I do?

SALLY.

Do — Madam — go off to be sure.

RIVERS.

I'll wring that huffey's head off.

SIR HARRY.

On my knees, Madam, let me beg you will consult your own happiness, and, in your own, the happiness of your father.

RIVERS.

Ay, now he kneels, 'tis all over.

SIR HARRY.

The Colonel, Madam, has great sensibility, and the consciousness that he himself has been the cause of your unhappiness will fill him with endless regret: — Whereas, by escaping with me, the case will be utterly otherwise. — When he sees we are inseparably united, and hears with how unabating an assiduity I labour to merit the blessing of your hand, a little time will necessarily make us friends; and I have great hopes that, before the end of three months, we shall be the favourites of the whole family.

RIVERS.

You'll be cursedly mistaken though. —

Sir

40 FALSE DELICACY:

Sir HARRY.

But speak, my dear Miss Rivers --- speak and pronounce my fate.

Miss RIVERS.

Sir Harry, you have convinc'd me. —

RIVERS.

Ay, I knew he wou'd. —

Miss RIVERS.

And provided you here give me a solemn assurance, that the moment we are married you will employ every possible method of effecting a reconciliation —

Sir HARRY.

You consent to go off with me the first opportunity — a thousand thanks, my Angel, for this generous condescension, — and when —

Miss RIVERS.

There is no occasion for professions, Sir Harry, — I rely implicitly on your tenderness and your honour. —

SALLY.

Dear Madam, you have transported your poor Sally by this noble resolution.

RIVERS.

I dare say she has — but I may chance to cool your transport in a horse-pond. —

Miss RIVERS.

I am oblig'd to you, Sally, for the part you take in my affairs, and I purpose that you shall be the companion of my flight.

SALLY.

Shall I, Madam! — you are too good — and I am sure I shoud'nt like to live in my old master's house, when you are out of the family.

RIVERS.

RIVERS.

Don't be uneasy on that account.

Sir HARRY.

Suffer me now, my dear Miss Rivers, since you have been thus generously kind, to inform you, that a coach and six will be ready punctually at twelve, at the side of the little paddock, at the back of Lady Betty's garden. — There's a close walk, you know, from the garden to the place, and I'll meet you at the spot to conduct you to the coach.

Miss RIVERS.

Well, I am strangely apprehensive, — but I'll be there. — However, 'tis now high time for us to separate, — my father's eyes are generally every where — and I am impatient, since it is determin'd — 'till our design is executed.

RIVERS.

O, I don't in the least doubt it. —

Sir HARRY.

'Till twelve then, farewell my charmer. —

Miss RIVERS.

You do what you will with me. —

[Exeunt separately.]

RIVERS comes forward.

You do what you will with me! Why what a fool, what an idiot was I — ever to suppose I had a daughter. — From the moment of her birth — to this cursed hour, I have labour'd, I have toil'd for her happiness; and now, when I fancy'd myself sure of her tend'rest affection, she casts me off for ever. — By and by, — I shall have this fellow at my feet, entreating my forgiveness; and the world will think me an unfeeling monster, if I don't give him my estate, as a reward for having blasted my dearest expectations. — The world

G

will

42 FALSE DELICACY:

will think it strange that I shou'd not promote his felicity, because he has utterly destroy'd mine; and my dutiful daughter will be surpriz'd, if the tender ties of nature are not strictly regarded in my conduct, though she has violated the most sacred of them all in her own. — Death and hell! who wou'd be a father? — There is yet one way left, — and, if that fails, — why, I never had a daughter. — [Exit.]

The SCENE changes to an Apartment.

Enter Miss MARCHMONT and CECIL.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Nay, now Sir, I must tax you with unkindness; — know something that may possibly be of consequence to my welfare, — and yet decline to tell me! — Is this consistent with the usual friendship which I have met with from Mr. Cecil?

CECIL.

Look'ye, Hortensia, 'tis because I set a very great value on your esteem, that I find this unwillingness to explain myself.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Indeed, Sir, you grow every moment more and more mysterious. —

CECIL.

Well then, Hortensia, if I thought you wou'd'nt be offended — I —

Miss MARCHMONT.

I am sure, Sir, you will never say any thing to give me a reasonable cause of offence. — I know your kindness for me too well, Sir. —

CECIL.

Where is the need of Sirring me at every word? — I desire you will lay aside this ceremony, and treat

treat me with the same freedom you do every body else; — these Sirs are so cold, and so distant. —

MISS MARCHMONT.

Indeed, Sir, I can't so easily lay aside my respect as you imagine, for I have long consider'd you as a father.

CECIL.

As a father! — but that's a light in which I don't want to be consider'd. — As a father indeed, — O she's likely to think me a proper husband for her, I can see that already. [*aside*]

MISS MARCHMONT.

Why not, Sir? — your years, — your friendship for my father, and your partiality for me, sufficiently justify the propriety of my epithet. —

CECIL. [*aside.*]

My years! — Yes, I thought my years would be an invincible obstacle.

MISS MARCHMONT.

But pray, Sir, — to the business upon which you wanted to speak with me: — You don't consider I am all this time upon the rack of my sex's curiosity. —

CECIL.

Why then, Hortensia, --- I will proceed to the business --- and ask you, in one word, --- if you have any disinclination to be married?

MISS MARCHMONT.

This is proceeding to business indeed, Sir, — but ha --- ha --- ha! pray, who have you design'd me as a husband?

CECIL.

Why, what do you think of a man about my age?

G 2 Miss

44 FALSE DELICACY:

Miss MARCHMONT.

Of your age, Sir?

CECIL.

Yes, of my age.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Why, Sir, what wou'd you advise me to think of him?

CECIL.

That is'nt the question, for all your arch significance of manner, Madam.

Miss MARCHMONT.

O I am sure you wou'd never recommend him to me as a husband, Sir.

CECIL.

--- So! --- and why not pray?

Miss MARCHMONT.

Because I am sure you have too great a regard for me.

CECIL.

She gives me rare encouragement. [*aside*] --- But do you imagine it impossible for such a husband to love you very tenderly?

Miss MARCHMONT.

No --- Sir, --- But do you imagine it possible for me to love him very tenderly. --- You see I have caught your own frankness, Sir, --- and answer with as much ease as you question me.

CECIL. [*aside*]

How lucky it was that I did not open myself directly to her. --- O! I should have been most purely contemptible.

Miss

Miss MARCHMONT.

But pray, Sir, — have you, in reality, any meaning by these questions? — Is there actually any body who has spoken to you on my account?

CECIL.

Hortensia, there is a fellow, a very foolish fellow, for whom I have some value, that entertains the sincerest affection for you.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Then, indeed, Sir, I am very unhappy, — for I cannot encourage the addresses of any body.

CECIL.

No?

Miss MARCHMONT.

O, Sir! I had but two friends in the world, — yourself and Lady Betty, — and I am, with justice, apprehensive, that neither will consider me long with any degree of regard. — Lady Betty has a proposal from Lord Winworth of the same nature with yours, in which I fear she will strongly interest herself; — and I must be under the painful necessity of disobliging you both, from an utter impossibility of listening to either of your recommendations.

CECIL.

I tell you, Hortensia, not to alarm yourself.

Miss MARCHMONT.

Dear Sir, I have always consider'd you with reverence, and it would make me inconceivably wretched if you imagin'd I was actuated upon this occasion by any ridiculous singularity of sentiment. — I wou'd do much to please you, — and I scarcely know what I shou'd refuse to Lady Betty's request;

46 FALSE DELICACY:

request ; — but, Sir, though it distresses me exceedingly to discover it, — I must tell you I have not a heart to dispose of.

CECIL.

How's this ?

Miss MARCHMONT.

At the same time, I must however, tell you, that my affections are so plac'd as to make it wholly impossible for me ever to change my situation. — This acknowledgment of a prepossession, Sir, may be inconsistent with the nice reserve which is proper for my sex, — but it is necessary to justify me in a case where my gratitude might be reasonably suspected, and when I recollect to whom it is made, I hope it will be doubly entitled to an excuse.

CECIL.

Your candour, Hortensia, needs no apology, — but as you have trusted me thus far with your secret, — may'nt I know why you can have no prospect of being united to the object of your affections ?

Miss MARCHMONT.

Because, Sir, he is engag'd to a most deserving young lady, and will be married to her in a few days : — In short, Mr. Sidney is the man for whom I entertain this secret partiality ; — You see, therefore, that my partiality is hopeless ; — but you see, at the same time, how utterly improper it would be for me to give a lifeless hand to another, while he is entirely master of my affections. — It would be a meanness, of which I think myself incapable ; and I shou'd be quite unworthy the honour of any deserving hand, if, circumstanc'd in this manner, I cou'd basely stoop to accept it.

CECIL.

CECIL.

You interest me strangely in your story, Hortensia : — But has Sidney any idea ? —

Miss MARCHMONT.

None in the least. — Before the match, with Miss Rivers was in agitation, he made addresses to me, though privately ; and, I must own, his tenderness, join'd to his good qualities, soon gave me impressions in his favour. — But, Sir, I was a poor orphan, wholly dependant upon the generosity of others, and he was a younger brother of family, great in his birth, but contracted in his circumstances. — What cou'd I do ? — It was not in my power to make his fortune, — and I had too much pride, or too much affection, to think of destroying it.

CECIL.

You are a good girl, — a very good girl ; — but surely if Lady Betty knows any thing of this matter, there can be no danger of her recommending Lord Winworth so earnestly to your attention. —

Miss MARCHMONT.

There, Sir, is my principle misfortune. — Lady Betty is, of all persons, the least proper to be made acquainted with it. — Her heart is in the marriage between Miss Rivers and Mr. Sidney ; and, had she the least idea of my sentiments for him, or of his inclination for me, I am positive it would immediately frustrate the match. — On this account, Sir, I have carefully conceal'd the secret of my wishes, — and, on this account, I must still continue to conceal it. — My heart shall break before it shall be worthless ; — and

48 FALSE DELICACY:

— and I shou'd detest myself for ever, if I was capable of establishing my own peace at the expence of my benefactress's first wish, and the desire of her whole family.

CECIL.

Zounds, what can be the matter with my eyes! —

Miss MARCHMONT.

My life was mark'd out early by calamity, — and the first light I beheld was purchas'd with the loss of a mother. — The grave snatch'd away the best of fathers, just as I came to know the value of such a blessing; — and had'nt it been for the exalted goodness of others, I, who once experienc'd the unspeakable pleasure of relieving the necessitous, had myself, perhaps, felt the immediate want of bread; — and shall I ungratefully sting the bosom which has thus benevolently cherish'd me? — Shall I basely wound the peace of those who have rescu'd me from despair, — and stab at their tranquility, in the very moment they honour me with protection? — O, Mr. Cecil! they deserve every sacrifice which I can make. — May the benignant hand of Providence shower endless happiness upon their heads; and may the sweets of a still-encreasing felicity be their portion, whatever becomes of me!

CECIL.

Hortensia, — I can't stay with you. — My eyes are exceedingly painful of late; — what the devil can be the matter with them? — But, let me tell you before I go, that you shall be happy after all, — that you shall, I promise you; — but I see Lady Betty coming this way — and I cannot enter into explanations, — yet, do you hear, —
don't

don't suppose I am angry with you for refusing my friend, — don't suppose such a thing, I charge you; — for he has too much pride to force himself upon any woman, and too much humanity to make any woman miserable. — He is, besides, a very foolish fellow, and it does'nt signify — [Exit.]

Enter L A D Y B E T T Y.

Lady. B E T T Y.

Well, my dear Hortensia, I am come again to ask you what you think of Lord Winworth. — We were interrupted before, — and I want, as soon as possible, for the reason I hinted, to know your real opinion of him.

Miss MARCHMONT.

You have long known my real opinion of him, Lady Betty. — You know I always thought him a very amiable man.

Lady B E T T Y. [*with impatience.*]

Do you think him an amiable man?

Miss MARCHMONT.

The whole world thinks as I do in this respect, — yet, —

Lady B E T T Y.

Ay, she loves him, 'tis plain; and there is no hope after this declaration --- [*aside.*] --- His Lordship merits your good opinion, I assure you, Miss Marchmont.

Miss MARCHMONT. [*aside.*]

Yes, I see by this ceremony that she is offended at my coolness to the proposal.

Lady B E T T Y.

I have hinted to you, Miss Marchmont, that my Lord requested I would exert my little interest with you in his favour.

H

Miss

50 FALSE DELICACY:

Miss MARCHMONT.

The little interest your Ladyship has with me,
--- the little interest.

Lady BETTY.

Don't be displeas'd with me, my dear Hortensia, --- I know my interest with you is considerable.
--- I know you love me.

Miss MARCHMONT.

I wou'd sacrifice my life for you, Lady Betty :
For what had that life been without your generosity — ?

Lady BETTY.

If you love me, Hortensia, never mention any thing of this nature.

Miss MARCHMONT.

You are too good. —

Lady BETTY.

But to my Lord Winworth. — He has earnestly requested I would become his advocate with you. — He has entirely got the better of his former attachments, and there can be no doubt of his making you an excellent husband.

Miss MARCHMONT.

His Lordship does me infinite honour, — nevertheless —

Lady BETTY. [*eagerly.*]

Nevertheless, what, my dear ?

Miss MARCHMONT.

I say, notwithstanding I think myself highly honour'd by his sentiments in my favour ; — 'tis utterly impossible for me to return his affection.

Lady

Lady BETTY. [*surprized.*]

Impossible for you to return his affection!

Miss MARCHMONT. [*aside.*]

I knew what an interest she wou'd take in this affair.

Lady BETTY.

And do you really say you can't give him a favourable answer? — How fortunate! [*aside.*]

Miss MARCHMONT.

I do, my dear Lady Betty, — I can honour, I can reverence him, — but I cannot feel that tenderness for his person, which I imagine to be necessary both for his happiness and my own.

Lady BETTY.

Upon my word, my dear, you are extremely difficult in your choice, and if Lord Winworth is not capable of inspiring you with tenderness — I don't know who is likely to succeed; for, in my opinion, there is not a man in England possessed of more personal accomplishments.

Miss MARCHMONT.

And yet, great as these accomplishments are, my dear Lady Betty, they never excited your tenderness. —

Lady BETTY.

Why, all this is very true, my dear, — but, though I felt no tenderness, — yet I — to be sure, I — that is — I say, nevertheless. — This is beyond my hopes. [*aside.*]

Miss MARCHMONT. [*aside.*]

She's distress'd that I decline the proposal. — Her friendship for us both is generously warm — and she imagines I am equally insensible to his merit, and my own interest.

Lady BETTY.

Well, my dear, I see your emotion — and I heartily beg your pardon for saying so much. — I shou'd be inexpressibly concern'd if I thought you made any sacrifice on this occasion to me. — My Lord, to be sure, possesses a very high place in my esteem, — but —

Miss MARCHMONT.

Dear Lady Betty, what can I do? — I see you are offended with me, — and yet —

Lady BETTY.

I offended with you, my dear! — far from it; I commend your resolution extremely, since my Lord is not a man to your taste. — Offended with you! why shou'd I take the liberty to be offended with you? — A presumption of that nature —

Miss MARCHMONT.

Indeed, Lady Betty, this affair makes me very unhappy.

Lady BETTY.

Indeed, my dear, you talk very strangely; — so far from being sorry that you have refus'd my Lord — I am pleas'd, — infinitely pleas'd, — that is, since he was not agreeable to you. — Be satisfied your acceptance of him wou'd have given me no pleasure in the world, — I assure you it wou'd'nt; — on the contrary, as matters are situated, I wou'd'nt for the world have you give him the smallest encouragement. [Exit.]

Miss MARCHMONT. [alone.]

I see she's greatly disappointed at my refusal of an offer so highly to my advantage. — I see, moreover, she's griev'd that his Lordship should meet

meet with a second repulse, and from a quarter too, where the generosity of his proposal might be reasonably expected to promise it success. — How surpriz'd she seem'd when I told her he cou'd'nt make an impression on my heart, and how eagerly she endeavour'd to convince me that she was pleas'd with my conduct; not considering that this very eagerness was a manifest proof of her dissatisfaction. — She is more interested in this affair than I even thought she wou'd be, — and I should be completely miserable if she cou'd suspect me of ingratitude. — As she was so zealous for the match, I was certainly to blame in declining it — 'Tis not yet, however, too late. — She has been a thousand parents to me, — and I will not regard my own wishes, when they are any way opposite to her inclinations. — Poor Mr. Cecil! — Make me happy after all! — How? — Impossible! — for I was born to nothing but misfortune. —

[Exit.]

End of the third Act.

ACT

A C T — IV.

SCENE *an Apartment at Lady BETTY'S House.*

Enter Lady BETTY and Mrs. HARLEY.

Lady BETTY.

THUS far, my dear Emmy, there is a gleam of hope. — She determin'd, positively determin'd, against my Lord: — And even suspected so little of my partiality for him, that she appear'd under the greatest anxiety, lest I shou'd be offended with her refusing him: — And yet, shall I own my folly to you?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Pray do, my dear; — you'll scarcely believe it, — but I have follies of my own sometimes.

Lady BETTY.

Why you quite surprize me!

Mrs. HARLEY.

'Tis very true for all that. — But to your business.

Lady BETTY.

Why then, greatly as I dreaded her approbation of the proposal, — I was secretly hurt at her insensibility to the personal attractions of his Lordship.

Mrs. HARLEY.

I don't doubt it, my dear. — We think all the world shou'd love what we are in love with ourselves.

Lady

Lady BETTY.

Your are right. — And though I was happy to find her resolution so agreeable to my wishes, my pride was not a little piqu'd to find it possible for her to refuse a man upon whom I had so ardently plac'd my own affection. — The surprize which I felt, on this account, threw a warmth into my expressions, and made the generous girl apprehensive that I was offended with her.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, this is a strange world we live in. — That a woman without a shilling shou'd refuse an Earl with a fine person, and a great estate, is the most surprizing affair I ever heard of. — Perhaps, Lady Betty, my Lord may take it in his head to go round the family: — If he shou'd, my turn is next, and, I assure you, he shall meet with a very different reception.

Lady BETTY.

Then you wou'd'nt be cruel, Emmy?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why no! — Not very cruel. — I might give myself a few airs at first. — I might blush a little, and look down. — Wonder what he cou'd find in me to attract his attention: — Then pulling up my head, with a toss of disdain, — desire him, if ever he spoke to me on that subject again, —

Lady BETTY.

Well!

Mrs. HARLEY.

To have a licence in his pocket, — that's all. — I wou'd make sure work of it at once, and leave it to your elevated minds to deal in delicate absurdities. — But I have a little anecdote for you,
which

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which proves, beyond a doubt, that you are as much as ever in possession of Lord Winworth's affection.

Lady BETTY.

What is it, my dear Emmy?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why about an hour ago, my woman, it seems; and Arnold, my Lord's man, had a little conversation on this unexpected proposal to Miss Marchmont; in which Arnold said, — "Never tell me of your Miss Marchmonts, Mrs. Nelson; — between ourselves — but let it go no farther — Lady Betty is still the woman, and a sweet creature she is, that's the truth on't, but a little fantastical, and doesn't know her own mind —

Lady BETTY.

I'll assure you! — Why Mr. Arnold is a wit.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, but hear him out: — "Mrs. Nelson, I know as much of my Lord's mind as any body; let him marry whom he pleases, he'll never be rightly happy but with her Ladyship; and I'd give a hundred guineas, with all my soul, that it cou'd be a match." — These Nelson tells me were his very words. — Arnold is an intelligent fellow, and much in the confidence of his master.

Lady BETTY.

Indeed I always thought my Lord happy in so excellent a servant. — This intelligence is worth a world, my dear Emmy —

Enter Miss MARCHMONT.

Miss MARCHMONT.

I have been looking for your Ladyship.

Lady

Lady BETTY.

Have you any thing particular, my dear Hortensia? — But why that gloom upon your features? — What gives you uneasiness, my sweet girl? Speak, and make me happy by saying it is in my power to oblige you.

Miss MARCHMONT.

'Tis in your power, my dear Lady Betty, to oblige me highly — by forgiving the ungrateful disregard which I just now shew'd to your recommendation of Lord Winworth.

Mrs. HARLEY. [*aside.*]

Now will I be hang'd if she does not undo every thing by a fresh stroke of delicacy.

Lady BETTY.

My dear!

Miss MARCHMONT.

And by informing his Lordship that I am ready to pay a proper obedience to your commands.

Mrs. HARLEY. [*aside.*]

O the devil take this elevation of sentiment!

Lady BETTY.

A proper obedience to my commands, my dear! I really don't understand you.

Miss MARCHMONT.

I see how generously you are concern'd, for fear I shou'd, upon this occasion, offer violence to my inclination: — But, Lady Betty, I shou'd be infinitely more distress'd by the smallest act of ingratitude to you, than by any other misfortune. — I am therefore ready, in obedience to your wishes, to accept of his Lordship; and if I can't make him a fond wife, I will, at least, make him a dutiful one.

I

Mrs.

58 FALSE DELICACY:

Mrs. HARLEY. [*aside.*]

Now her delicacy is willing to be miserable.

Lady BETTY.

How cou'd you ever imagine, my dear Hortensia, that your rejection of Lord Winworth cou'd possibly give me the smallest offence? — I have a great regard for his Lordship, 'tis true, but I have a great regard for you also; and wou'd by no means wish to see his happiness promoted at your expence; — think of him, therefore, no more, and be assur'd you oblige me in an infinitely higher degree by refusing, than accepting him.

Miss MARCHMONT.

The more I see your Ladyship's tenderness and delicacy, the more I see it necessary to give an affirmative to Lord Winworth's proposal. — Your generosity must not get the better of my gratitude.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Did ever two fools plague one another so heartily with their delicacy and sentiment? — [*aside.*] Dear Lady Betty, why don't you deal candidly with her? —

Lady BETTY.

Her happiness makes it necessary now, and I will.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Ay, there's some sense in this. —

Lady BETTY.

Your uncommon generosity, my dear Hortensia, has led you into an error —

Miss MARCHMONT.

Not in the least, Lady Betty.

Lady BETTY.

Still, Hortensia, you are running into very great mistakes. — My esteem for Lord Winworth, let me now tell you —

Enter

Enter WINWORTH.

WINWORTH.

Ladies, your most obedient! — As I enter'd, Lady Betty, I heard you pronounce my name: — May I presume to ask, if you were talking to Miss Marchmont on the business I took the liberty of communicating to you this morning?

Mrs. HARLEY. [*aside.*]

Ay, now it's all over I see.

Lady BETTY.

Why, to be candid, my Lord, I have mention'd your proposal —

WINWORTH.

Well, my dear Miss Marchmont, and may I flatter myself that Lady Betty's interposition will induce you to be propitious to my hopes? — The heart now offer'd to you, Madam, is a grateful one, and will retain an eternal sense of your goodness. — Speak, therefore, my dear Miss Marchmont, and kindly say you condescend to accept it.

Mrs. HARLEY, [*aside.*]

So—here will be a comfortable piece of work. — I'll e'en retire, and leave them to the consequences of their ridiculous delicacy. [*Exit.*]

Miss MARCHMONT.

I know not what to say, my Lord, — you have honour'd me, greatly honour'd me — but Lady Betty will acquaint you with my determination. —

Lady BETTY.

I acquaint him, my dear — surely you are yourself the most proper to — I shall run distracted — [*aside.*]

60 FALSE DELICACY:

Miss MARCHMONT.

Indeed, Madam, I can't speak to his Lordship on this subject.

Lady BETTY.

And I assure you, Hortensia, 'tis a subject upon which I do not chuse to enter.

Lord WINWORTH.

If you had a kind answer from Miss Marchmont, Lady Betty, I am sure you wou'd enter upon it readily: — But I see her reply very clearly in your reluctance to acquaint me with it. —

Miss MARCHMONT.

Why, Madam, will you force me to —

Lady BETTY.

And why, Hortensia? — What am I going to say? — [*aside.*]

Lord WINWORTH.

Don't, my dear Ladies, suffer me to distress you any longer, — to your friendship, Madam, I am as much indebted [*addressing himself to Lady Betty*] as if I had been successful, — and I sincerely wish Miss Marchmont that happiness with a more deserving man, which I find it impossible for her to confer on me. [*going.*]

Lady BETTY. [*aside.*]

Now I have some hope. —

Miss MARCHMONT.

My Lord, I entreat your stay. —

Lady BETTY.

Don't call his Lordship back, my dear, it will have an odd appearance.

Enter

Enter Lord WINWORTH.

Miss MARCHMONT.

He is come back. — And I must tell him what your unwillingness to influence my inclinations, makes you decline.

Lord WINWORTH.

Your commands, Madam. —

Lady BETTY. [*aside.*]

Now I am undone again !

Miss MARCHMONT.

I am in such a situation, my Lord, that I can scarcely proceed — Lady Betty is cruelly kind to me — but as I know her wishes —

Lady BETTY.

My wishes, Miss Marchmont! — indeed, my dear, there is such a mistake. —

Miss MARCHMONT.

There is no mistaking your Ladyship's goodness, you are fearful to direct my resolution, and I shou'd be unkind to distress your friendship any longer.

Lady BETTY.

You do distress me indeed, Miss Marchmont.

[*half aside and sighing.*]

Lord WINWORTH.

I am all expectation, Madam! —

Miss MARCHMONT.

I am compell'd by gratitude to both, and from affection to my dear Lady Betty, to break through the common forms impos'd on our sex, and to declare that I have no will but her Ladyship's.

Lady BETTY.

This is so provoking.

[*aside.*]

Lord

62 FALSE DELICACY:

LORD WINWORTH.

Ten thousand thanks for this condescending goodness, Madam — a goodness which is additionally dear to me, as the result of your determination is pronounc'd by your own lips.

MISS MARCHMONT.

Well, Lady Betty, I hope I have answer'd your wishes now.

LADY BETTY.

You cannot conceive how sensibly I am touch'd with your behaviour, my dear. [sighs.]

MISS MARCHMONT.

You feel too much for me, Lady Betty. —

LADY BETTY.

Why I do feel something, my dear — this unexpected event has fill'd my heart — and I am a little agitated. — But come, my dear, let us now go to the company.

MISS MARCHMONT.

How generously, Madam, do you interest yourself for my welfare!

LORD WINWORTH.

And for the welfare of all her friends:

LADY BETTY.

Your Lordship is too good. —

LORD WINWORTH.

But the business of her life is to promote the happiness of others, and she is constantly rewarded in the exercise of her own benignity.

LADY BETTY.

You can't imagine how I am rewarded upon the present occasion, I assure your Lordship.

[Exeunt.]

SCENE

A C O M E D Y. 63

SCENE *the Paddock behind Lady BETTY's Garden.*

Enter Miss RIVERS and SALLY.

SALLY.

Dear Madam, don't terrify yourself with such gloomy reflexions.

Miss RIVERS.

O, Sally, you can't conceive my distress in this critical situation. — An elopement, even from a tyrannical father, has something in it which must shock a delicate mind. — But when a woman flies from the protection of a parent, who merits the utmost return of her affection, she must be insensible indeed, if she does not feel the sincerest regret: — If he should not forgive me! —

SALLY.

Dear Madam, he must forgive you — are not you his child. —

Miss RIVERS.

And therefore I should not disoblige him. — I am half distracted, — and I almost repent the promise I gave Sir Harry, --- when I consider how much my character may be lessen'd by this step, and recollect how it is likely to affect my unfortunate father. ---

SALLY.

But I wonder where Sir Harry can be all this time. ---

Miss RIVERS.

I wish he was come. ---

SALLY.

Courage, Madam — I hear him coming.

Miss RIVERS.

It must be he, let's run and meet him. —

Enter

64 FALSE DELICACY:

Enter RIVERS. Sally shrieks and runs off.

MISS RIVERS.

My father!

RIVERS.

Yes, Theodora — your poor, abandon'd, miserable father.

MISS RIVERS.

Oh! Sir! —

RIVERS.

Little, Theodora, did I imagine I shou'd ever have cause to lament the hour of your birth; and less did I imagine, when you arriv'd at an age to be perfectly acquainted with your duty, you wou'd throw every sentiment of duty off. — In what, my dear, has your unhappy father been culpable, that you cannot bear his society any longer? — What has he done to forfeit either your esteem, or your affection? — From the moment of your birth, to this unfortunate hour, he has labour'd to promote your happiness. — But how has his solicitude on that account been rewarded? You now fly from these arms, which have cherish'd you with so much tenderness; when gratitude, generosity and nature, should have twin'd me round your heart. —

MISS RIVERS.

Dear Sir!

RIVERS.

Look back, infatuated child, upon my whole conduct since your approach to maturity: Hav'n't I contracted my own enjoyments on purpose to enlarge yours, and watched your very looks to anticipate your inclinations? Have I ever, with the obstinacy of other fathers, been partial in favour of any man to whom you made the slightest objection. — Or have I ever shewn
the

the least design of forcing your wishes to my own humour or caprice? On the contrary has not the engagement I have enter'd into been carried on, seemingly with your own approbation. — And hav'n't you always appear'd reconcil'd at least to a marriage with Mr. Sidney?

MISS RIVERS.

I am so ashamed of myself!

RIVERS.

How then, Theodora, have I merited a treatment of this nature? You have understanding, my dear, though you want filial affection; and my arguments must have weight with your reason, however my tranquility may be the object of your contempt. — I lov'd you, Theodora, with the warmest degree of paternal tenderness, and flatter'd myself, the proofs I every day gave of that tenderness, had made my peace of mind a matter of some importance to my child — But, alas! a paltry compliment from a coxcomb undoes the whole labour of my life; and the daughter, whom I looked upon as the support of my declining years, betrays me in the unsuspecting hour of security, and rewards with her person, the assassin who stabs me to the heart. —

MISS RIVERS.

Hear me, dear Sir, hear me —

RIVERS.

I do not come here, Theodora, to stop your flight, or put the smallest impediment in the way of your wishes. — Your person is your own, and I scorn to detain even my daughter by force, where she is not bound to me by inclination. — Since, therefore, neither duty nor discretion, a regard for my peace, nor a solicitude for your own well-

K

fare,

66 FALSE DELICACY:

fare, are able to detain you, — go to this man, who has taught you to obliterate the sentiments of nature, and gain'd a ready way to your heart, by expressing a contempt for your father. — Go to him boldly, my child, and laugh at the pangs which tear this unhappy bosom. — Be uniformly culpable, nor add the baseness of a despicable flight to the unpardonable want of a filial affection. [Going]

MISS RIVERS.

I am the most miserable creature in the world. —

RIVERS. *[Returns.]*

One thing more, Theodora, — and then farewell for ever. — Though you come here to throw off the affection of a child, I will not quit this place, before I discharge the duty of a parent, even to a romantic extravagance, and provide for your welfare, while you plunge me into the most poignant of all distress. — In the doating hours of paternal blandishment, I have often promis'd you a fortune of twenty thousand pounds, whenever you chang'd your situation. — This promise was indeed made, when I thought you incapable either of ingratitude, or dissimulation, — and when I fancied your person wou'd be given, where there was some reasonable prospect of your happiness. — But still it was a promise, and shall be faithfully discharg'd. — Here then, in this pocket-book, are notes for that sum. *[MISS RIVERS shews an unwillingness to receive the pocket-book.]* — Take it — but never see me more. — Banish my name eternally from your remembrance; — and when a little time shall remove me from a world, which your conduct has rendered insupportable, boast an additional title, my dear, to your husband's regard, by having shorten'd the life of your miserable father. — [Exit.]

Enter

Enter SALLY.

SALLY.

What, Madam, is he gone?

Miss RIVERS.

How cou'd I be such a monster — such an unnatural monster, as ever to think of leaving him. — But come, Sally, let us go into the house. —

SALLY.

Go into the house, Madam! — Why are'nt we to go off with Sir Harry? —

Miss RIVERS.

This insensible creature has been my confident too! — O I shall eternally detest myself. —

Enter Sir HARRY and CECIL.

Sir HARRY.

I beg a thousand pardons, my dear Miss Rivers, for detaining you. — An unforeseen accident prevented me from being punctual; — but the carriage is now ready, and a few hours will whirl us to the summit of felicity. — My cousin Cecil is kindly here to assist us — and —

Miss RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I can never forsake my father. —

Sir HARRY.

Madam!

Miss RIVERS.

By some accident he discover'd our design, and came to this spot, while I was trembling with expectation of your appearance. —

Sir HARRY.

Well, my dear creature? —

68 FALSE DELICACY:

MISS RIVERS.

Here, in a melancholy but resolute voice, he expatiated on the infamy of my intended flight, and mention'd my want of affection for him in terms that pierc'd my very soul: — Having done this, he took an abrupt leave, and, scorning to detain me by force, forsook me to the course of my own inclinations.

SIR HARRY.

Well, my angel, and since he has left you to follow your own inclinations, you will not, surely, hesitate to —

MISS RIVERS.

Sir Harry, unloose my hand; — the universe wou'd'nt bribe me now to go off with you. — O, Sir Harry! if you regarded your own peace, you wou'd cease this importunity; — for is it possible that a woman can make a valuable wife, who has prov'd an unnatural daughter?

SIR HARRY.

But consider your own happiness, my dear Miss Rivers —

MISS RIVERS.

My own happiness, Sir Harry! — What a wretch must the woman be, who can dream of happiness, while she wounds the bosom of a father!

CECIL.

What a noble girl! — I shall love her myself for her sense and her goodness.

SALLY, *aside, to* SIR HARRY.

She won't consent, I know, Sir Harry, — so, if the coach is at hand, it will be the best way to carry her off directly.

SIR HARRY.

Then, my dear Miss Rivers, there is no hope. —

MISS

Miss RIVERS.

Sir Harry, I must not hear you. — This parting is a kind of death —

Sir HARRY.

Part, Madam! — by all that's gracious we must not part. — My whole soul is unalterably fix'd upon you, — and since — neither tenderness for yourself, nor affection for me, persuade you to the only measure which can promote our mutual felicity, you must forgive the despair that forces you from hence, and commits a momentary disrespect to avoid a lasting unhappiness.

Miss RIVERS.

Hear me, Sir Harry — I conjure you hear me!

Sir HARRY.

Let me but remove you from this place, Madam, and I'll hear every thing. — Cecil, assist me.

Miss RIVERS.

O, Mr. Cecil, I rely upon your honour to save and protect me!

CECIL.

And it shall, Madam. — For shame, kinsman, unhand the Lady!

Sir HARRY.

Unhand her, what do you mean, Cecil?

CECIL.

What do I mean, I mean to protect the Lady. — What shou'd a man of honour mean?

Miss RIVERS, *breaking from Sir Harry.*

Dear Mr. Cecil, don't let him follow me

[*She runs off.*]

SALLY.

70 FALSE DELICACY:

SALLY, *following*.

I'll give her warning this moment, that's the short and the long of it. [Exit.]

Sir HARRY.

Mr. Cecil, this is no time for trifling, — Did'nt you come here to assist me in carrying the Lady off?

CECIL.

With her own inclinations, kinsman ; — but as they are now on the other side of the question, so am I too. — You must not follow her, Sir Harry —

Sir HARRY.

Zounds ! but I will !

CECIL.

Zounds ! but you shan't. — Look'ye, Harry, I came here to assist the purposes of a man of honour, not to abet the violence of a ruffian ; — your friends of the world, your fashionable friends, may, if they please, support one another's vices ; but I am a friend only to the virtues of a man ; and where I sincerely esteem him, I always endeavour to make him honest in spite of his teeth,

Sir HARRY.

An injury like this ! —

CECIL.

Harry ! — Harry ! — don't advance : — I am not to be terrified, you know, from the support of what is just ; — and, though you may think it very brave to fight in the defence of a bad action, it will do but little credit either to your understanding or your humanity.

Sir HARRY.

Dear Cecil, there's no answering that. — Your justice and your generosity over power me ; —
You

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You have restor'd me to myself. — It was mean, it was unmanly, it was infamous to think of using force. — But I was distracted; — nay, I am distracted now, and must entirely rely upon your assistance to recover her.

CECIL.

As far as I can act with honesty, Harry, you may depend upon me; — but let me have no more violence, I beg of you.

Sir HARRY.

Don't mention it, Cecil, — I am heartily ashamed —

CECIL.

And I am heartily glad of it. —

Sir HARRY.

Pray let us go to my house and consult a little. — What a contemptible figure do I make! —

CECIL.

Why, pretty well, I think; but to be less so, put up your sword, Harry —

Sir HARRY.

She never can forgive me.

CECIL.

If she does, she will scarcely deserve to be forgiven herself.

Sir HARRY.

Don't, Cecil; 'tis ungenerous to be so hard upon me. — I own my faults, and you should encourage me, for every coxcomb has not so much modesty.

CECIL.

Why, so I will, Harry; for modesty, I see, as yet, sits upon you but very awkwardly. [*Exeunt.*]

End of the fourth Act.

A C T

A C T V.

SCENE *an Apartment at Lady BETTY's.**Enter RIVERS and SIDNEY.*

SIDNEY.

I AM deeply sensible of Miss Rivers's very great merit, Sir; — but —

RIVERS.

But what, Sir, —

SIDNEY.

Hear me with temper, I beseech you, Colonel.

RIVERS.

Hear you with temper: — I don't know whether I shall be able to hear you with temper; — but go on, Sir. —

SIDNEY.

Miss Rivers, independent of her very affluent fortune, Colonel, has beauty and merit which would make her alliance a very great honour to the first family in the kingdom. — But, notwithstanding my admiration of her beauty, and my reverence for her merit, I find it utterly impossible to profit either by her goodness, or your generosity.

RIVERS.

How is all this, Sir! do you decline a marriage with my daughter?

SIDNEY.

A marriage with Miss Rivers, Sir, was once the object of my highest ambition, and, had I been honour'd with her hand, I shou'd have studied to shew my sensibility of a blessing so invaluable; — but, at that time, I did not suppose

pose my happiness to be incompatible with her's. — I am now convinc'd that is so, and it becomes me much better to give up my own hopes, than to offer the smallest violence to her inclinations.

RIVERS.

Death and hell, Sir! — what do you mean by this behaviour? — Shall I prefer your alliance to any man's in England? — Shall my daughter even express a readiness to marry you? — And shall you, after this, insolently tell me you don't choose to accept her? —

SIDNEY.

Dear Colonel, you totally misconceive my motive, — and, I am sure, upon reflexion, you will rather approve than condemn it. — A man of common humanity, Sir, in a treaty of marriage, should consult the lady's wishes as well as his own; and, if he can't make her happy, he will scorn to make her miserable.

RIVERS.

Scorn to make her miserable! — why the fellow's mad, I believe. — Does'nt the girl absolutely consent to have you? — Would you have her drag you to the altar by force? — Would you have her fall at your feet, and beg of you, with tears, to pity one of the finest women, with one of the best fortunes, in England?

SIDNEY.

Your vehemence, Sir, prevents you from considering this matter in a proper light. — Miss Rivers is sufficiently unhappy in losing the man of her heart; but her distress must be greatly aggravated, if, in the moment she is most keenly sensible of this loss, she is compell'd to marry another. — Besides, Colonel, I must have my feel-

L

ings

74 FALSE DELICACY:

ings too. — There is something shocking in a union with a woman whose affections we know to be alienated ; and 'tis difficult to say which is most entitled to contempt, he that stoops to accept of a pre-engaged mind, or he that puts up with a prostituted person.

RIVERS.

Mighty well, Sir, — mighty well ; but let me tell you, Mr. Sidney, — that under this specious appearance of generosity I can easily see your motive for this refusal of my daughter, — let me tell you I can easily see your motive, Sir, — and, let me tell you, that the person who is in possession of your affections, shall no longer find an asylum in this house.

SIDNEY.

Colonel, if I had not been always accustom'd to respect you, — and if I did not even consider this insult as a kind of compliment, I don't know how I should put up with it : as to your insinuation, you must be more explicit before I can understand you.

RIVERS.

Miss Marchmont, — Sir: — Do you understand me now, Sir ? If Miss Marchmont had not been in the case, my daughter had not receiv'd this insult. — Sir Harry was right ; and had not I been ridiculously besotted with your hypocritical plausibility, I might have seen it sooner ; but your cousin shall know of your behaviour, and then, Sir, you shall answer me as a man.

SIDNEY.

Miss Marchmont, Colonel, is greatly above this illiberal reflexion ; as for myself, I shall be always ready to justify an action which I know to be

be right, though I should be sorry ever to meet you but in the character of a friend. [Exit.]

RIVERS, [*alone.*]

Well! — well! — well! — but it doesn't signify, — it doesn't signify, — it doesn't signify. — I won't put myself in a passion about it. I won't put myself in a passion about it. I'll tear the fellow piece-meal. — Zounds! I don't know what I'll do. [Exit.]

Enter Mrs. HARLEY and CECIL.

CECIL.

Why this is better and better.

Mrs. HARLEY.

What a violent passion he's in.

CECIL.

This is the very thing I could wish — 'twill advance a principal part of our project rarely. — Well is't Sidney a noble young fellow, and does't he richly deserve the regard which my poor little girl entertains for him?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Why really I think he does — but how secretly my Lady Sentimental carried matters — O I always said that your grave, reflecting, moralizing damsels, were a thousand times more susceptible of tender impressions than those lively open hearted girls who talk away at random, and seem ready to run off with every man that happens to fall into their company.

CECIL.

I don't know, widow, but there may be some truth in this, you see at least I have such a good opinion of a madcap, that you are the first person I have made acquainted with the secret.

L 2

Mrs.

76 FALSE DELICACY:

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, and hay'nt I return'd the compliment, by letting you into my design about Lady Betty and Lord Winworth?

CECIL.

What a ridiculous bustle is there here about delicacy and stuff—your people of refin'd sentiments are the most troublesome creatures in the world to deal with, and their friends must even commit a violence upon their nicety before they can condescend to study their own happiness:—But have you done as we concerted?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Yes, I have pretended to Lady Betty that my Lord desires to speak with her privately on business of the utmost importance; and I have told his Lordship that she wants to see him, to disclose a secret that must intirely break off the intended marriage with Miss Marchmont.

CECIL.

What an aukward figure they must make, each imagining that the other has desir'd the interview—and expecting every moment to be told something of consequence—but you have not given either the least hint of Hortensia's secret inclination for Sidney?

Mrs. HARLEY.

How could you possibly suppose such a thing?

CECIL.

Well, well, to your part of the business then, while I find out the Colonel, and try what I can do with him for my rattle-pated Sir Harry.

Mrs. HARLEY.

O never doubt my assiduity in an affair of this nature.

[*Exeunt.*]

Enter

A C O M E D Y. 77

Enter Lady BETTY, in another Apartment.

Lady BETTY.

What can he want with me, I wonder?—Speak with me again in private, and upon business of the utmost importance! he has spoken sufficiently to me already upon his business of importance to make me miserable for ever. — But the fault is my own, and I have nobody to blame but myself. — Bless me here he is.

Enter WINWORTH.

WINWORTH.

Madam your most devoted, I come in obedience to your commands to —

Lady BETTY.

My commands, my Lord?

WINWORTH.

Yes, Madam, your message has alarm'd me prodigiously — and you cannot wonder if I am a little impatient for an explanation.

Lady BETTY.

Impatient for an explanation, my Lord.

WINWORTH.

Yes, Madam, the affair is of the nearest concern to my happiness, and the sooner you honour me with —

Lady BETTY.

Honour you, with what, my Lord?

WINWORTH.

My dear Lady Betty, this reserve is unkind, especially as you know how uneasy I must be 'till I hear from yourself —

Lady BETTY.

Really, my Lord, I am quite astonish'd — uneasy till you hear from myself — impatient for an explanation — I beg your Lordship will tell me what is the meaning of all this? WINWORTH.

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WINWORTH.

Surely, Madam, you cannot so suddenly change your kind intentions —

Lady BETTY.

My kind intentions, my Lord !

WINWORTH.

I would not, Madam, be too presuming, but, as I know your Ladyship's goodness, I flatter myself that —

Lady BETTY.

Your Lordship is all a mystery—I beg you will speak out --- for upon my word I don't understand these half sentences. —

WINWORTH.

Why, Madam, Mrs. Harley has told me.

Lady BETTY, [*with eagerness.*]

What has she told you, my Lord ?

WINWORTH.

She has told me of the secret, Madam, which you have to disclose, that must entirely break off my marriage with Miss Marchmont.

Lady BETTY.

Has she then betray'd my weakness ? —

WINWORTH.

Madam, I hope you won't think your generous intentions in my favour a weakness, for be assur'd that the study of my whole life —

Lady BETTY.

I did not think that Mrs. Harley could be capable of such an action ; — but since she has told you of the only circumstance which I ever wish'd to be conceal'd, I cannot deny my partiality for your Lordship.

WINWORTH.

Madam —

Lady

Lady BETTY.

This secret was trusted with her, and her alone ; but though she has ungenerously discover'd it, her end will still be disappointed. I acknowledge that I prize your Lordship above all the world ; — but even to obtain you I will not be guilty of a baseness, nor promote my own happiness by any act of injustice to Miss Marchmont.

WINWORTH.

I am the most unfortunate man in the world ; — and does your Ladyship really honour me with any degree of a tender partiality ?

Lady BETTY.

This question is needless, my Lord, after what Mrs. Harley has acquainted you with.

WINWORTH.

Mrs. Harley, Madam, has not acquainted me with particulars of any nature ---

Lady BETTY.

No !

WINWORTH.

No. --- And happy as this discovery would have made me at any other time, it now distresses me beyond expression, since the engagements I have just enter'd into with Miss Marchmont put it wholly out of my power to receive any benefit from the knowledge of your sentiments. — O, Lady Betty, had you been generously candid when I solicited the blessing of your hand, how much had I been indebted to your goodness ; but now, think what my situation is, when, in the moment I am sensible of your regard, I must give you up for ever.

Enter CECIL and Mrs. HARLEY from opposite Places.

Mrs. HARLEY, [*repeating ludicrously.*]

“ Who can behold such beauty and be silent !

CECIL

30 FALSE DELICACY.

CECIL, [*in the same accent.*]

“ Desire first taught us words. —

Mrs. HARLEY.

“ Man, when created, wander’d up and down,

CECIL.

“ Forlorn and silent as his vassal beasts ;

Mrs. HARLEY.

“ But when a heav’n-born maid like you appear’d,

CECIL.

“ Strange pleasure fill’d his eyes, and seiz’d his heart,

Mrs. HARLEY.

“ Unloos’d his tongue,

CECIL.

“ And his first talk was love.” [*Both, ha! ha! ha!*]

WINWORTH.

Pray, Mr. Cecil, what is the meaning of this whimsical behaviour?

Lady BETTY.

The nature of this conduct, Mrs. Harley, bears too strong a resemblance to a late dissingenuity, for me to wonder at.

Mrs. HARLEY.

What dissingenuity, my dear?

Lady BETTY.

Why, pray, Madam, what secret had I to disclose to his Lordship?

Mrs. HARLEY.

The secret which you have disclos’d, my dear, —
[*courtseying.*]

CECIL.

I beg, my Lord, that we may’nt interrupt your heroics, “ when, in the moment you are sensible
“ of

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“ of her regard, — you must give her up for
“ ever.” — A very moving speech, Mrs. Harley,
— I am sure it almost makes me cry to repeat it.

WINWORTH.

Mr. Cecil, listening is —

Mrs. HARLEY.

What are we going to have a quarrel? —

CECIL.

O, yes! your lover is a mere nobody without
a little bloodshed, two or three duels give a won-
derful addition to his character.

Lady BETTY.

Why, what is the meaning of all this?

CECIL.

You shall know in a moment, Madam, — so
walk in, good people, — walk in, and see the
most surprising pair of true lovers, who have too
much sense to be wise, and too much delicacy to
be happy.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Walk in, — walk in.

Enter RIVERS, Miss RIVER'S, Miss MARCH-
MONT, Sir HARRY, and SIDNEY.

Lady BETTY.

O, Emmy! is this behaving like a friend?

Mrs. HARLEY.

Yes, and like a true friend, as you shall see
presently. —

RIVERS.

My Lord, I give you joy, joy heartily. — We
have been posted for some time under the direc-
tion of Marshal Cecil, and General Harley, in the
next room, who have acquainted us with every
M thing;

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thing; and I feel the sincerest satisfaction to think the perplexities of to-day have so fortunate a conclusion.

WINWORTH.

The perplexities of to-day are not yet concluded, Colonel.

Miss MARCHMONT.

O, Lady Betty, why wouldn't you trust me with your secret? I have been the innocent cause of great uneasiness to you, and yet my conduct entirely proceeded from the greatness of my affection.

Lady BETTY.

I know it, my dear, — I know it well; — but were you to give up Lord Winworth this moment — be assur'd that I wouldn't accept of any sacrifice made at the expence of your happiness.

CECIL.

At the Expence of her happiness! — O, is that all? — Come here master Soberfides [*to* Sidney] and come here; Madam Gravity [*to* Miss Marchmont] come here, I say, — I suppose, my Lord, I suppose, Lady Betty, that you already know from what very many motives — Sidney, here, has declin'd the marriage with Miss Rivers?

WINWORTH.

I do, and though I lament the impossibility of a relation to the Colonel's family, I cannot but admire his behaviour on that occasion.

Lady BETTY.

And I think it extremely generous.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Come, Cecil, stand by a little, you shan't have the whole management of this discovery.

CECIL.

Did you ever see such a woman!

Mrs.

Mrs. HARLEY.

Well, my Lord and Lady Betty, since we have agreed thus far, you must know that Mr. Sidney's behaviour has produc'd more good consequences than you can imagine. — In the first place it has enabled Colonel Rivers, without a breach of his word, —

CECIL.

To give his daughter to my foolish kinsman.

Mrs. HARLEY.

You won't hold your tongue.

CECIL.

And, in the next place, it has enabled Mr. Sidney —

Mrs. HARLEY.

To marry Miss Marchmont.

CECIL.

Ay, she will have the last word. — For it seems that between these two turtles there has long subsisted —

Mrs. HARLEY.

A very tender affection, —

CECIL.

The devil's in her tongue, — she has the speed of me.

WINWORTH.

What an unexpected felicity?

Lady BETTY.

I am all amazement!

RIVERS.

Well, well, my dear sister, -- no wondering about it, — at a more convenient time you shall know particulars; for the present let me tell you, that now I am cool, and that matters have been pro-

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perly explain'd to me, I am not only satisfied but charm'd with Mr. Sidney's behaviour, though it has prevented the first wish of my heart; and I hope that his Lordship and you, by consenting to his marriage with Miss Marchmont, will immediately remove every impediment in the way of your own happiness.

WINWORTH.

If my own happiness was not to be promoted by such a step, I shou'd instantly give my consent; --- and therefore, my dear Miss Marchmont, if I have Lady Betty's approbation, and your own concurrence, I here bestow this hand upon as deserving a young man as any in the universe. --- This is the only attonement I can make for the uneasiness I have given you; and if your happiness is any way proportion'd to your merit, I need not wish you a greater share of felicity.

SIDNEY.

What shall I say, my Lord?

WINWORTH.

Say nothing, Charles, for if you only knew how exquisite a satisfaction I receive on this occasion, you wou'd rather envy my feelings than think yourself under an obligation; --- and now, my dear Lady Betty, if I might presume ---

Lady BETTY.

That I may not be censur'd any longer, I here declare my hand your Lordship's, whenever you think proper to demand it; for I am now convinc'd the greatest proof which a woman can give of her own worth, is to entertain an affection for a man of honour and understanding.

WINWORTH.

This goodness, Madam, is too great for acknowledgment.

Lady

Lady BETTY.

And now, my dear Theodora, let me congratulate with you: I rejoice that your inclinations are consulted in the most important circumstance of your life; and I am sure Sir Harry will not be wanting in gratitude for the partiality which you have shewn in his favour.

Miss RIVERS.

Dear Madam, you oblige me infinitely.

Sir HARRY.

And as for me, Lady Betty, it is so much my inclination to deserve the partiality with which Miss Rivers has honour'd me, as well as to repay the goodness of her family, that I shall have little merit in my gratitude to either; I have been wild, I have been inconsiderate, but I hope I never was despicable; and I flatter myself I shan't be wanting in acknowledgment only to those, who have laid me under the greatest of all obligations.

RIVERS.

Sir Harry, say no more: — My girl's repentance has been so noble, your Cousin Cecil's behaviour has been so generous, and I believe you, after all, to be a man of such principle; — that, next to Sidney, I don't know who I shou'd prefer to you for a son-in-law. — But you must think a little for the future, and remember that it is a poor excuse for playing the fool, to be possess'd of a good understanding.

WINWORTH.

Well, there seems but one thing remaining undone: — I just now took the liberty of exercising a father's right over Miss Marchmont, by disposing of her hand, 'tis now necessary for me—

CECIL.

86 FALSE DELICACY:

CECIL.

Hold, my Lord — I guess what you are about, but you shan't monopolize generosity, I assure you: — I have a right to shew my friendship as well as your Lordship; so, after your kinsman's marriage, whatever you have a mind to do for him shall be equall'd, on my part, for Miss Marchmont; guinea for guinea, as far as you will, and let's see who tires first in going through with it.

WINWORTH.

A noble challenge, and I accept it.

Lady BETTY.

No, there's no bearing this —

Miss MARCHMONT.

Speak to them, Mr. Sidney, for I cannot —

SIDNEY.

I wish I had words to declare my sense of this goodness.

RIVERS.

I didn't look upon myself as a very pitiful fellow; but I am strangely sunk in my own opinion, since I have been a witness of this transaction.

CECIL.

Why, what the devil is there in all this to wonder at? People of fortune often throw away thousands at the hazard table to make themselves miserable, and nobody ever accuses them of generosity.

WINWORTH.

Mr. Cecil is perfectly right; and he is the best manager of a fortune, who is most attentive to the wants of the deserving.

Mrs.

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Mrs. HARLEY.

Why now all is as it shou'd be — all is as it shou'd be --- this is the triumph of good sense over delicacy. — I cou'd cry for downright joy : — I wonder what ails me --- this is all my doing !

CECIL.

No, — part of it is mine, — and I think it extremely happy for your people of refin'd sentiments to have friends with a little common understanding.

RIVERS.

Sister, I always thought you a woman of sense.--

Mrs HARLEY.

Yes; she has been a long time intimate with me you know.

CECIL.

Well said, sauce-box.

Sir HARRY.

If this story was to be represented on the stage, the poet wou'd think it his duty to punish me for life, because I was once culpable.

WINWORTH.

That wou'd be very wrong. The stage shou'd be a school of morality; and the noblest of all lessons is the forgiveness of injuries.

RIVERS.

True, my Lord. — But the principal moral to be drawn from the transactions of to-day is, that those who generously labour for the happiness of others, will, sooner or later, arrive at happiness themselves.

F I N I S.

EPILOGUE,

Written by DAVID GARRICK, Esq.

Spoken by Mrs. DANCE R.

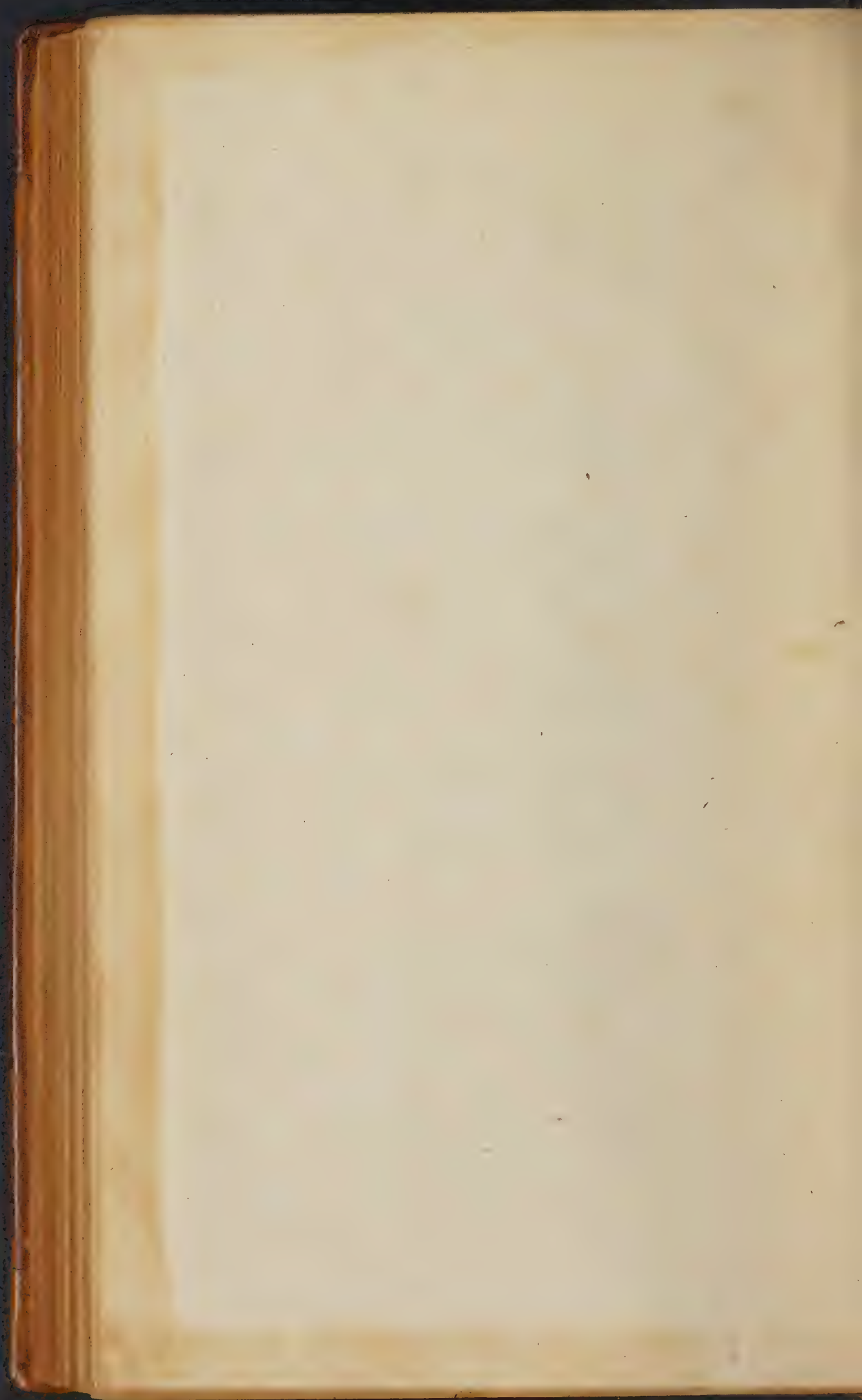
WHEN with the comic muse a bard hath dealing,
The traffic thrives, when there's a mutual feeling;
Our author boasts, that well he chose his plan,
False Modesty! — Himself, an Irishman.

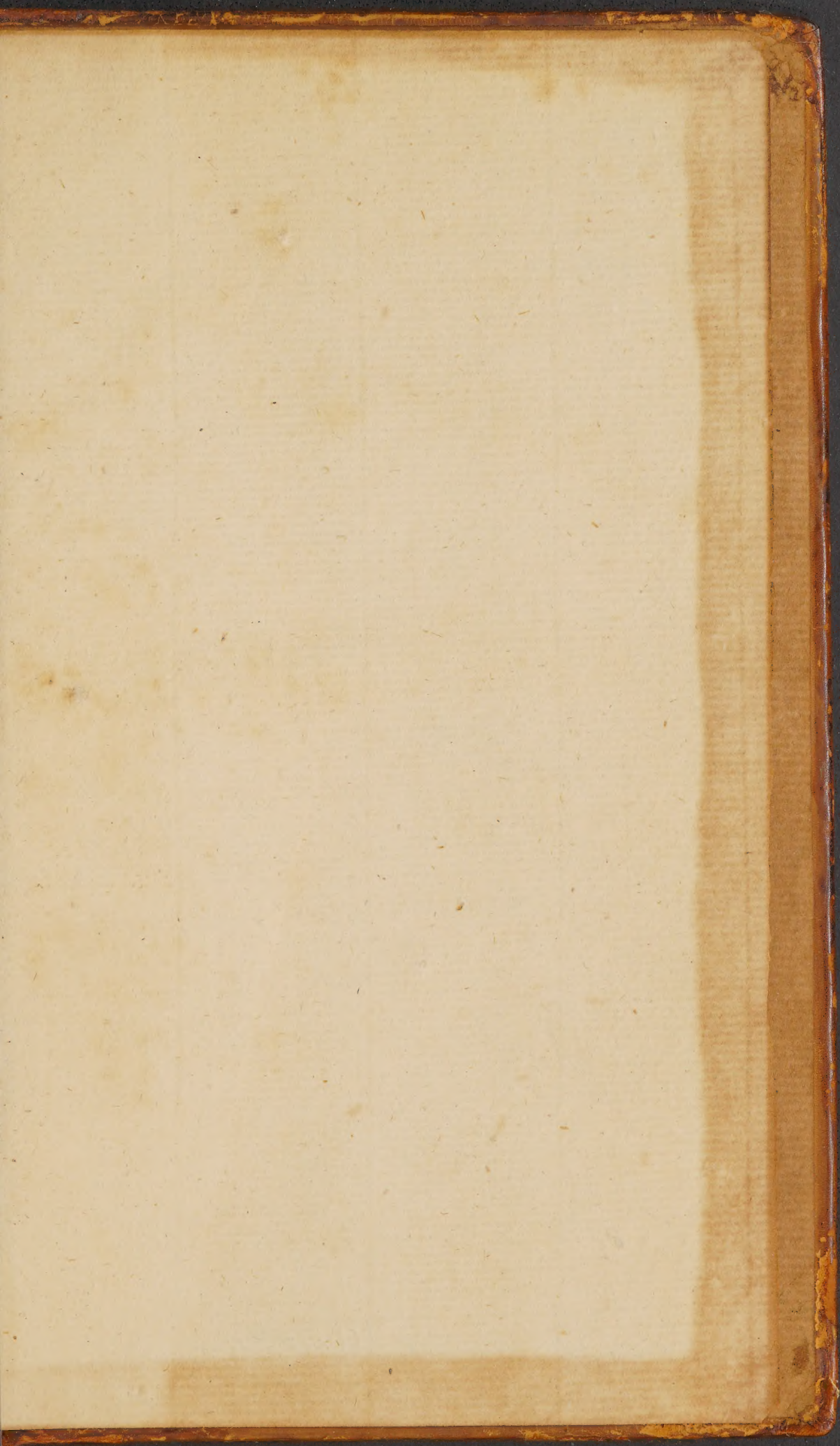
As I'm a woman, somewhat prone to satire,
I'll prove it all a bull, what he calls nature;
And you, I'm sure, will join before you go,
To maul False Modesty, — from Dublin ho!
Where are these Lady Lambtons to be found?
Not in these riper times, on English ground.
Among the various flowers, which sweetly blow,
To charm the eyes, at Almack's and Soho,
Pray does that weed, False Delicacy, grow?

O, No. —

Among the fair of fashion; common breeding,
Is there one bosom, where love lies a bleeding?
In olden times your grannams unrefin'd,
Ty'd up the tongue, put padlocks on the mind;
O, Ladies, thank your stars, there's nothing now confin'd.
In love you English Men, — there's no concealing,
Are most, like Winworth, simple in your dealing;
But Britons, in their natures, as their names,
Are different as the Shanon, Tweed, and Thames.
As the Tweed flows, the bonny Scot proceeds,
Wunds slaw, and sure, and nae obstruction heeds;
Though oft repuls'd, his purpose still hauds fast,
Stecks like a burr, and wuns the Lass at last.
The Shannon, rough and vigorous, pours along,
Like the bold accents of brave Paddy's tongue:
Arrah, dear creature — can you scorn me so?

Cast your sweet eyes upon me, top and toe!
Not fancy me? — Pook! — that's all game and laughter,
First marry me, my jew'l — ho! — you'll love me after.
Like his own Thames, honest John Trot, their brother,
More quick than one, and much less bold than t'other,
Gentle not dull, his loving arms will spread;
But stopt — in willows hides his bashful head;
John leaves his home, resolv'd to tell his pain;
Hesitates — I — love — fye, Sir — 'tis in vain, —
John blushes, turns him round, and whistles home again.
Well! is my painting like? — Or do you doubt it? —
What say you to a trial? — let's about it.
Let Cupid lead three Britons to the field,
And try which first can make a damsel yield;
What say you to a widow? — Smile consent,
And she'll be ready for experiment.





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